No. 213 (New Series), Vol. 5. April 18, 1936

The PASSING SHOW 2D

★ I LOOKED DOWN *on the* POLE
by Lincoln Ellsworth

• SAVARAN *in* "Blade of the Spear"

• "ALTAR *of the* MOON" Serial

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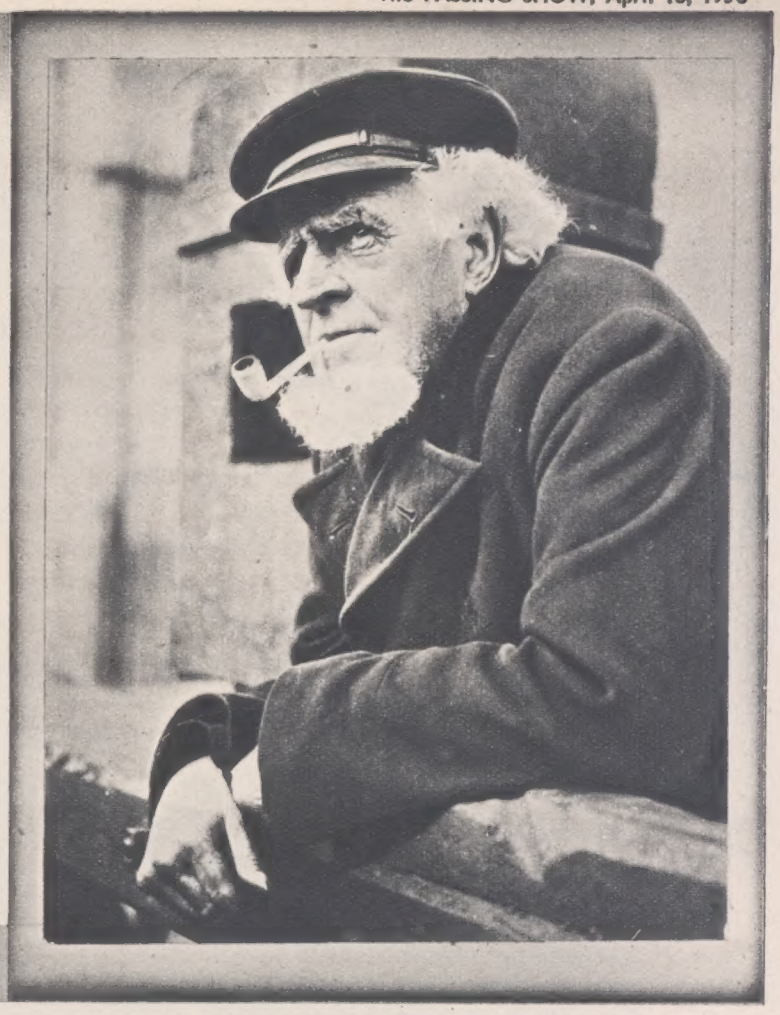

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PASSING SHOW, April 18, 1936.

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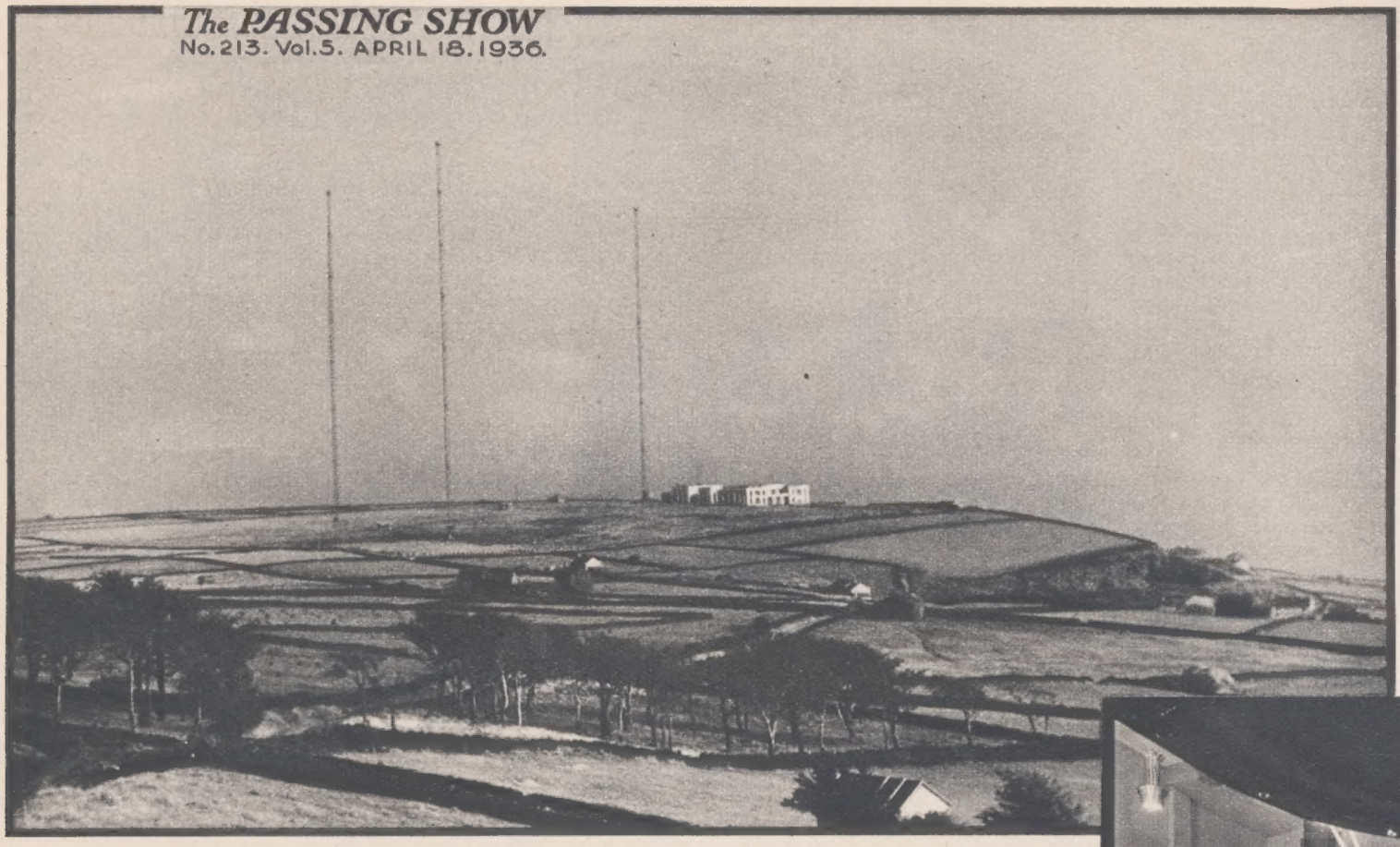
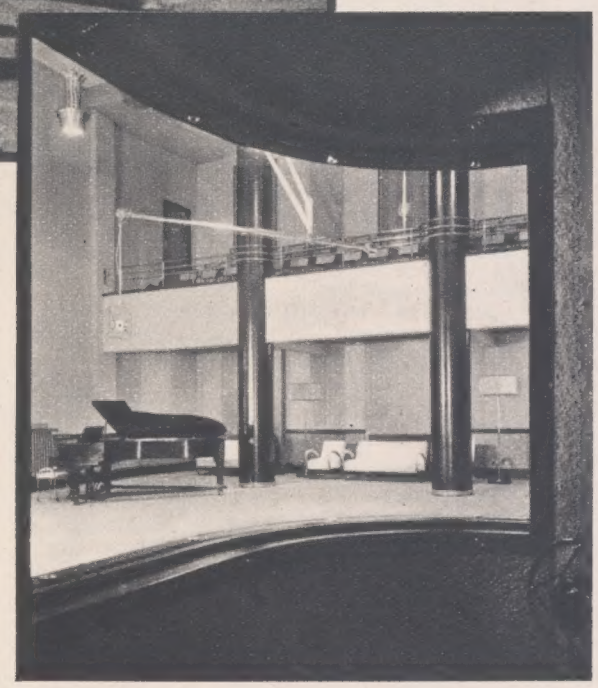


● "On the bleak plateau of Moorside Edge, 1,400 feet above sea-level—I found a building, gleaming with polished floors and chromium plating. . . ."

● To the transmitter on the moors is connected by landline Broadcasting House, Leeds (below) as well as Manchester and Newcastle.



RADIO *does* Improve

● Edward Liveing . . . rules the North Regional from Scotland to the Peak.

This is the first of three articles about your radio, explaining the vast programme of expansion and improvement being carried out by the B.B.C. this year. This work, which will bring better radio to many districts hitherto "starved," has been inspected on the spot during a special tour for "Passing Show" by

Leslie BAILY

GERALD COCK, the man who is going to give London its radio eyes, is, I suppose, in the region of 45, a bachelor, always fastidiously well-dressed, the son of a Queen's Counsel of Victoria's reign, an adventurer who has roved the world, who now sets his teeth into such a Wellsian adventure as even he can never have anticipated—the inauguration of daily television programmes by the B.B.C.

As Director of Television, he has promised us regular programmes to start in June, but long before that date the strange aerials which are being erected atop one of the towers of the Alexandra Palace will be testing this new magic of the air.

Long fusty with disuse, that great conspicuous building on the northern heights of London has suddenly become a scene of historic activity. Amid clouds of dust, walls have been demolished, floors ripped up, studios have been built which in their spaciousness and vivid lighting are comparable more with Elstree than Broadcasting House, and the mysterious, closely-guarded transmitters which will fling sight as well as sound across London are being installed.

Here will be fought out, perhaps to an end which means the survival of the fittest, the stern rivalry between two inventions, each the fruit of years of tireless and brilliant scientific research, each backed by financiers who play high stakes. The B.B.C. will operate them side by side with scrupulous impartiality—the Baird television transmitter will broadcast one week, that invented by the Marconi-E.M.I. Company the next week, turn and turn about.

These vision transmissions will be on the phenomenally low wavelength of 6.6 metres. Sound, synchronised to the vision, will be sent out on 7.2 metres.

Such is the drama, one might say the melodrama, for which they are setting the scenes at the Alexandra Palace. If television were the one development promised this year by the B.B.C., 1936 would be marked out already as a year of rare importance in the history of broadcasting, but wherever one turns, in London or the provinces, one finds a bustle of change, all the preliminaries of great advances, both in programmes and on the engineering side.

Behind the pallid facade of Broadcasting House, that monstrous white elephant which peers down Regent Street, men around conference tables are laying plans, the main effect of which will be to emphasise the real entertainment value of radio programmes. "Uplift" is going to count for less in B.B.C. policy.

In 1935 Director-General Sir John Reith overhauled his staff; in 1936 the newly-constructed staff overhauls the programmes.

Listeners will detect the results in a hundred ways, from augmentation of Henry Hall's Band on the one hand, to abbreviation of symphony broadcasts on the other.

Every programme development aggravates the problem of premises—designers of Broadcasting House, five years ago, quite failed to foresee the amazing expansion of home programmes, the institution of Empire programmes running almost 24 hours a day . . . and now television. One by one, houses and offices in surrounding streets are embraced by the broadcasting octopus, but sooner or later an immense building scheme will be necessary in Portland Place.

Throughout the provinces the advance continues on the same parallels, widening programme activities hand in hand with extensions of premises.

I have just come home from a 2,000-miles tour of the B.B.C. system, from Plymouth in the south to the new North Scottish Regional transmitter on the shores of the Moray Firth in the far north, and I was immensely impressed by the magnitude of the work that is being so quietly carried out to extend and improve the B.B.C.'s service to its listeners, at a cost of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

No fewer than six new transmitters are either in construction or planned, and at the same time provincial studios are being modernised and extended. Altogether, in one place and another up and down the country, some fifteen additional studios have just been, or are now being, provided.

From the Alexandra Palace pioneer television station I went to Brookman's Park, where the first

(*Continued on page* 6)

Continuing RADIO *does* Improve

Regional broadcasting station was opened with terrific fanfares of trumpets seven years ago. The London Regional and London National transmitters were set going in 1929, and here they run yet, steadily, efficiently, without fuss. The place is not impressive—just a few squat buildings in a meadow beside the Great North Road, with four stumpy masts, only 200 ft. high, brooding over that gentle vista of stucco villas and woods and fields of Hertfordshire, cut by the straight flat arterial roads of outer London.

What a contrast is the North Regional station, built on a bare mountain, with gigantic masts probing the stormy Pennine skies! The Northern transmitters, at Moorside Edge, in Yorkshire, are the centre of the greatest of all the provincial B.B.C. Regions—greatest certainly in area and population, and the richest gold mine of programme material outside London, in my opinion.

This North Region stretches from the Scottish Border to the Peak, it encompasses the Lake District on one side of England and Tyneside on the other, it joins those old antagonists Yorkshire and Lancashire, and to it has lately been added Lincolnshire (previously part of the Midland Region).

Everything seems to be cast on a spectacular scale in the North; indeed, I only reached the North Regional station by the spectacular act of cutting my way through four feet of snow. Between Huddersfield on one side of the Pennines and Oldham on the other, a road struggles across the hills, and you turn off into a precipitous lane that takes you up to the bleak plateau of Moorside Edge, 1,400 ft. above sea level.

There, amid the snowdrifts, I found a building, warm, brightly lighted, gleaming with polished floors and chromium plating, where the whine of dynamos drifts monotonously on the air. The risk of getting snowed-up is so real that a thoughtful B.B.C. has provided emergency bedsteads for the engineers who work this great broadcasting station on the top of the world.

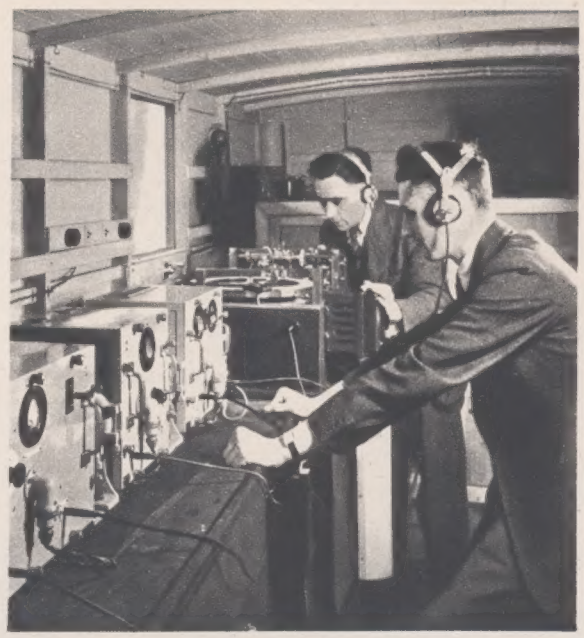
Outside, three grey steel masts reach 500 ft. yet higher into the sky; often the aerials are hidden in scudding mist. As I stood, a midget beneath them, on that clear winter's day, and I looked around at a vast panorama of rugged white-clad hills rolling away and away, it seemed a stirring thought that here, on the very backbone of England, stand the aerials of the B.B.C., where nineteen hundred years ago the Romans drove a road across the Pennines.

The road fell into disuse, until nearly a score of centuries later when the clamour of another fine engineering feat was heard on these ageless moors: the building of a wireless station; and there, now, the B.B.C. engineers take watch and watch about, rather as the legionaries did in *their* station a mile or so away, and sometimes the watchers of to-day, like those of long ago, are suddenly galvanised into action by alarums and excursions.

There was one violent night when a terrific gale swept the Pennines. The 80-miles-an-hour wind carried away an aerial halyard. The sparks began to fly. The transmitter was closed down, the engineers streamed into the pitch darkness, the cutting rain . . . one man jumped to the vertical steel ladder that runs up each mast, and, fighting a wind that seemed to gain fury at his every step, he pulled himself up foot by foot into the darkness. The damage was mended. Transmission recommenced.

The transmitters here are connected by underground landlines to the three studio-centres of the North Region: Manchester, Newcastle, Leeds. There is an ancient studio at Sheffield, a relic of years ago when Sheffield was quite an important broadcasting station; but I found that this studio is only used perhaps half a dozen times a year, for the convenience of local speakers; it is not permanently linked up with the Northern network. Yorkshire broadcasters as a rule go to the Leeds studios.

Almost without exception, the provincial studios of the B.B.C. have been adapted from premises that served other purposes before the microphone came along. They differ thus from London's Broadcasting House (and seem to be none the worse for that), but it is amusing to delve into the history of these "temples of the arts and muses."



At work in a van equipped for "outside" broadcasts.

This rather forbidding Victorian edifice that stands back, smoke-grimed, from a Leeds street, with a B.B.C. flag hanging over the entrance, was, a few years ago, a Meeting House where Quakers met quietly in worship. Passing inside now, you get the surprise of your life. Here is modernism, chromium decoration, steel chairs, sleek black columns, yellow furniture, the thud of jazz . . . the internal contradiction of the external appearance is complete.

At Newcastle a similar job of adaptation has been carried out, this time on a former maternity hospital.

At Manchester's Broadcasting House, the administrative headquarters of the North Region, I sat discussing programmes—the eternal subject of "What the public wants"—with Mr. Edward Liveing, the man who rules over this great Northern Region, and from beyond the tall windows of the Regional Director's office came the muffled roar of Manchester's Piccadilly, the breathing of a great city.

There, in Piccadilly, stands a handsome building, five storeys high, all storeys, except the ground floor (which is a bank) occupied by the B.B.C. They recently decided that the place was obsolete, so it has been gutted and rebuilt, and fitted with new microphones, a newly organised staff and a new orchestra.

"We have reorganised the place from top to bottom," Mr. Liveing told me, and he pointed with pride to his spacious and splendidly-equipped studios—five of them. That's not one too many—they are kept fully active day and night with rehearsals and transmissions.

Manchester now has the largest B.B.C. staff in the provinces—125. This includes an orchestra of 35 players. Some few years back, when B.B.C. policy was drifting steadily and dangerously to a closure of provincial activities, to centralisation of programme-production on London, the Manchester station orchestra, among others, was scrapped.

The fact that it has now been restored, may be taken, with all the other extensions there, as proof that the policy has reversed. The provinces are going to play an increasingly important role in British broadcasting.

Continuously scouring the length and breadth of the North Region is a "Flying Squad," which organises those outside broadcasts—from theatres, sporting events, holiday resorts, concerts, from circus, factory, dance hall, church—which are so famous a feature of Northern programmes.

Two motor-vans, manned by eleven engineers, comb the North under the direction of Mr. Victor Smythe, who told me that he travels 24,000 miles a year in his own car to put the life of the North on the air. He has cultivated particularly happy relations with Northern theatre managers, and scarcely a week passes without the microphone finding its way into the footlights.

Fifteen Northern theatres are permanently wired for broadcasting, so it is only necessary to take microphones along and connect up.

Some of these Northern outside broadcasts strike out on ambitious lines that are never attempted by the B.B.C. in London. Every summer Mr. Smythe holds a "Blackpool Night's Entertainment," a fantastic, exhilarating affair, when thirty microphones are scattered about the famous holiday town—in its dance halls, its theatres, at its circus, in the pier pavilions, on the Pleasure Beach—to give a grand radio-panorama of Lancashire's gay resort by night.

I mention this particularly because it is of more than superficial interest that the Regions should have the opportunity, and should seize it, to strike out on their own. For this reason. In Britain we have a broadcasting monopoly, a system full of advantages, but also full of dangers of complacency.

Competition is a great stimulus, and Americans tell us that the supreme success (as they see it) of American broadcasting is due to the competition between the various firms running the radio over there. But even under a monopolist system, such a stimulus *is* possible if one station can be set in rivalry against another, Region competing with Region, and all the provinces vying with London.

From what I know of the five Regional Directors, they need no promptings to rivalry. Mr. Liveing told me how keen he is just now to work up what he calls "actualities"—running commentaries and eye-witness accounts on events of all kinds—so much so that he has appointed a man specially to organise such topical programmes—Mr. James Tovey.

A new "drive" in studio variety, which has never been a strong feature in the North, is another respect in which Mr. Liveing hopes to improve the programmes that are broadcast to Northern England from those towering aerials on Moorside Edge.

Every part of the North of England, unfortunately, is not within range of those aerials. The people of Northumberland and Durham, in particular, have long nursed a grievance against the B.B.C. because their reception of the Northern programmes is spoilt by fading and by interference from foreign stations. To be sure, there is a relay transmitter at Newcastle-on-Tyne, but it is obsolete: its one kilowatt of power is quite hopelessly incapable of coping with the clamouring needs of north-eastern England.

And so, at Bewclay, near Corbridge, some sixteen miles west of Newcastle, in the neighbourhood of Hadrian's Wall, the B.B.C. is going to erect immediately a high-power station of at least 60 kilowatts.

This will be the second in the string of new transmitters that I mentioned. The first, North Irish Regional, with a power of 100 kilowatts, has just been opened. The second—North-East Regional, as it will be called—is not likely to be on the air until nearly a year hence.

To-day the tinkle of the bricklayers' trowel and the rumble of concrete-mixing machines disturb the wild-fowl on the moors at Bewclay. It will be a great reform to bring good reception to north-eastern England; but in a way it is sad to think that this means the end of "5NO," that ancient transmitter in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

When North-east Regional opens, the old Newcastle transmitter will at last cease work, after transmitting programmes daily since December 24, 1922. It is actually the oldest of B.B.C. transmitters. Goodness knows how many tens of thousands of hours of programmes it has pumped out into the ether. The B.B.C. itself has lost count.

I found it hidden humbly in an old stable at the back of a Co-operative Society factory, to whose tall chimney its aerial is slung. In the B.B.C.'s earliest days, back in '22, engineers searching for a transmitter site used to look around for a high chimney in the centre of the city they wished to serve; nowadays, they go out into the country, set up their giant masts and hurl scores of kilowatts into the ether.

Newcastle transmitter, or "5NO" as it was called in those old days, was one of the first half-dozen stations erected by the B.B.C., and an excellent story is told of its inauguration. The B.B.C. was born in November, 1922; the then B.B.C. Chief Engineer, Captain Eckersley, promised Newcastle that it should have a local station working by Christmas.

A tremendous hustle by the engineers resulted in the transmitter being installed in the stable, and the aerial slung to the chimney, all in due time; but on Christmas Eve the studios were still unready. So a lorry was backed into the stable yard, a microphone was fixed on the lorry, a wire connected from it to the transmitter . . . and with that lorry as a studio "5NO's" first programme was broadcast!

Now, thirteen years later, Newcastle possesses a magnificent suite of studios, the local Broadcasting House, the erstwhile maternity hospital. It is a mile from "5NO," and is as complete a contrast as you could imagine—spacious offices, a control room packed with up-to-the minute apparatus, and studios in the "modernist" style.

SAVARAN AGAIN

by Douglas Newton

"You're like a fierce man-eating bird—with a sense of humour," she said. "Queer—my taking to you, because I'm prone to the real military type."

The Blade *of the* Spear

SAVARAN was sitting in the drawing-room, dining-hall, veranda-lounge and public dustbin—for all these noble chambers were one—of the Ritz-Plaza Hotel, Laonga, when Makepeace Bysshe Amali, the soot-tinted agent of Messle & Messle, Shippers, brought the Great Man to him.

Savaran was resting between Empires. Only a handful of weeks previously he had shattered the fighting Zonghoy, the terrors of mid-Africa, in a series of military miracles which would have left a certain gentleman named Napoleon gasping (if you were to believe Savaran's own considered opinion) and by these victories had made Quali, of the Chellum people, lord paramount over a kingdom almost as large as Middle-Europe.

That kingdom was to have been and would have been Savaran's in time, but there had happened one of those accidents which so often mar great designs. Savaran forgot to keep Quali out of his own harem garden, and when Quali paid an unexpected visit to it, Quali's tenth wife had been in it, and the moon, and Savaran. Quali's tenth wife was pretty.

Quali proved himself a die-hard in such customs and Savaran's retreat had to be swift, if it was also masterly. The latter necessarily so, for his line of escape lay through three European colonies where every policeman was anxious to clap him in jail and four independent native states with kings were even more anxious to hang him.

He had tried to reach the Gongoda, a people full of Imperial ideals, but empty of all military sense, and thus ripe for a man of his talents. He almost reached them but a certain Mindipi, the Fox, a king of sorts, had headed him off, passing word to the European border states, so that only by a brilliance that almost dazzled himself, had Savaran slipped through to Laonga.

An abominable place, Savaran abominated it—yet was pinned to it. On the land side it was hemmed in by European colonies which had doubled their border patrols in the hope of catching him at last; seaward his only escape was by trading tramps manned by seamen only too ready to earn the price put on his head. These things might not have disturbed him, because after all Savaran was Savaran, but there was one grave defect in his position. He was without money or any prospect of gaining money.

"And unless I can find a new throne within the next fortnight," he grinned wolfishly, "even Mustapha Bimbi is going to run me into the common *carcel* for my washing bill."

It was then that Makepeace Bysshe Amali inserted the Great Man into Savaran's thoughts, saying in a husky and awed whisper:

"Lord Zavarani, I have brought to you a Great Boss, one of the mountain peaks of the world. Abase yourself before him and speak humbly. He is one from whose hands drip power—and riches."

Savaran, before whom kings had rubbed their noses in the dirt, looked up at a small, pudgy, pudding-basin of a man, who glared once at him and snorted in disgust:

"Why, Gosh, it's only a darn hobo!"

Savaran grinned his dark, hawk grin and said: "Sure, brother, just a Field Marshal on his uppers. This is a bad season for Armageddonites."

Makepeace Bysshe Amali wriggled anxiously, muttering:

"But Lord of Infinite Dollars, this is truly the certain person I spoke of—the great War Man. There is not his like in all Africa."

"Why stop at Africa?" asked Savaran.

"It is true," cried Makepeace Bysshe Amali. "No man can make war better for you. He knows the jungle and the desert and their ways, and the fighting habits of the low nigger trash therein as no other man knows them. He is Zavarani!"

"Is he?" snapped the pudgy man. "Well, I'm Klatly!'

He said it as though it were some new planet that had put the sun in its proper place, and he scowled when he found no particular response. Savaran saw that he really must be a tremendous fellow—somewhere. He was a short, panting, pallid man with a radio-active manner and the hair of his forehead carefully shaved to make a brow. And it hurt him to be unknown. He glared stormily and cried again:

"Klatly! Hannibal Klatly!"

Makepeace Bysshe Amali cried fervently in Swahili:

"Speak smoothly and meekly before this little lord. He pays his cash on the nail." With a subtle movement of his hand he gave Savaran a glimpse of a ten-dollar bill, and so Savaran did not kick him into the gutter as was his due, but drew his tall, stringy figure to its full height and cried: "Say, not THE Hannibal Klatly."

He wondered what the "the" might stand for, but it was certainly effective. The pudgy man relaxed, said:

"Sure! Could there be two?" And then. "You American?"

"Sometimes. Just now I am a free citizen of the kingdom the next police officer can't afford to offend. Do I understand you're looking for a war?"

"You do," said Hannibal Klatly, "and a top-liner at that. None of your chicken-run wars need apply. I'm out for the real, red, raging, BIG thing."

"I believe I've met that kind," said Savaran who had led his hundred thousand spears through fires and furies that might have made Attila wince.

"What I mean is—BIG," said Hannibal Klatly. "Gigantic! Or, anyhow, as BIG as mere nigger scrapping can be made."

Savaran's eagle face smiled—perhaps sardonically.

"Nigger scrapping can be quite reasonably red and raging," he grinned with rising spirits. "Especially when planned to large scale—if that's your aim."

"There isn't a scale too large," scowled Hannibal Klatly. "This has got to be—terrific! Immense! Titanic clashes of raging savages. Horror! Majesty! Splendour! Above all reality. The Real Thing."

"There's quite a lot of it in Africa," smiled Savaran, his heart bounding. The man was quite mad but his money seemed good. "Who do we march against?"

"Eh? Oh, who are we fighting? That's a detail," said the astonishing Hannibal Klatly. "Just whack up your armies. I'll see to the rest."

Certainly the little man was quite mad, but before giving way to disappointment, Savaran put him to the crucial test.

"Wars are expensive hobbies," he said.

"I'll foot any bill up to one hundred thousand dollars," said Hannibal Klatly with an indifference which almost took Savaran's breath away. "But I've got to have a dollar's worth for every dollar. Big stuff! Heart wringing reality! It must catch at people's throats an' leave 'em limp with passion

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CONTINUING

The Blade *of the* Spear

and pity, horror and the tenderness of young love."

Savaran stared. The fellow was amazing, even for a madman. Passion and horror and the tenderness of young love! In Africa! In war! Red ugliness to be spoken of in the cloying captions of the cinema. . . .

Abruptly he threw back his head and laughed his harsh, fierce laugh.

"And all this—this red, raging warfare, is for the films, I take it?" he chuckled.

"Gosh man," cried the pudgy fellow. "What else? Hain't I told you I'm Hannibal Klatly, of Klatly's Hyper-star Productions, Inc. Don't you read the papers never? Guess the whole world knows I'm here with Elveleta Lawless and Max Drelf making *Red Love in the Jungle*."

"You know," said Elveleta Lawless in her slow, rich drawl, "in spite of my he-man complex there's a sorta something about you, Mr. Savaran, that gets me."

"I remember a princess of Arab blood making much the same remark," smiled Savaran. "But not so prettily."

Elveleta Lawless laughed in her free and splendid way. What a throat she had, thought Savaran, he knew queens who might envy it.

"You and your princess stuff," she said. "Comic! You'll be calling yourself king next."

"I prefer Emperor," he said with his ferociously genial smile. "I've got into the habit."

"Yeh, you do look Lord Caesar of all the Huns," she said. "You're like a fierce man-eating bird—with a sense of humour. Queer—my taking to you, because I'm prone to the real military type."

"And what type's that?" asked Savaran, tingling in his thirty battle wounds.

"Well—Max, of course," she said. "The real, cold, hell-anyhow, and what's-death, kind of man. But then Max has been a *real* soldier."

Savaran looked through the hot, spice-scented glooms of Messle & Messle's great freight godown, to where a stream-line man with machine-tooled features and a super-supercilious manner stormed in distinctly Balkan Californian at a baggage-man for allowing tropic heat to melt his grease paints.

"Yes, real soldiering does make a lot of difference," said Savaran. "Mr. Drelf served in the war?"

"Sure," said Elveleta. "Against us, of course, but that wasn't his fault. He belonged to one of the down-trodden nations. He drove a Major-General at the base during all the fiercest fighting at the front all the same, so what Max doesn't know about war isn't worth knowing."

Savaran's dark face creased in its eagle smile. How she amused him, Savaran, before whom fighting giants had gone down. Also, how she thrilled him, for she was beautiful and he was Savaran.

"So you want your war real, too?" he smiled fiercely.

"Gee, yes," she cried and he could appreciate her intensity, for he, too, in his way, was an artist. "I've got to feel it here," she touched her superb young breast. "I've got to know the terror and horror of it, how else can I make others feel? You must make it big, Mr. Savaran."

"It will be as big as Africa—no, as Savaran can make it," he said in his large way, "since you want it so."

"And Hannibal, too," she said. "See, here, Hannibal isn't easy to please. He wants this as real as a clap of thunder, that's why we're here where primitive passion carries the authentic hallmark. And if you don't give him what he's after he'll—he'll tear you up and throw you away."

"And that idea doesn't please, Elveleta?" he said softly.

"Funny, isn't it?" she frowned, puzzled at herself. "I never saw anything in this sheik stuff—before." Her firm little chin went up. "Anyhow, you're too amusing to miss, so put red blood into those battles of yours, Savvy, and if you find the going hard get Max to help . . . Here, Max."

The semi-glacial young man was walking towards the sun-brazen door of the godown. He stopped, looked right through Savaran and said in his smooth Czecho-American:

"So, Elveleta, you are having to ball-out property mens, too? It is disgusting, the handling of our baggage. The creases have been so squashed out of my best battle tunic that I do not see how I am to do war in it at all. Also, all my medal ribbons have been torn."

"I'll give you some garter ribbon," she smiled. "But listen. I've been talking to Savvy about our war. You'll give him a tip or two about *real* fighting, won't you, Max."

"But, yes, I mean to," said the hero grimly. "Those war shots have got to be Big stuff."

"Big also seems to be Hannibal Klatly's morning and night prayer," said Savaran genially.

"Yes, but I *know*," frowned Max Drelf. "There won't be any fooling me with dummy soldier stuff, see. This war is to be real, red hot . . . War in the raw. Some of your black niggers may be hurt in the terrificness of it, so, but that cannot be helped. That is my way. I must have it—savage! Look, when I am leading my annihilated regiment in that last desperate charge against massed spearmen, I must feel that there is real slaughter before me, real death in the air. When I dash, fearing nothing, into the cannibal village to rescue Elveleta from the sacrificial knife, I must sense zizzing, bulling, hurtling spears, boomerangs, and things actually about my ears. But, take it from me, hell will be raised if *I'm* not satisfied."

Hannibal Klatly was doubtful about being satisfied, also. He was never quite sure whether he had bought a genius in Savaran, or a lemon.

Hannibal came to Africa resolved to go to the Chellum country, where, report had it, there was the finest photographic scenery in the continent, plus a king, Quali, ready to be the good friend of any man with dollars to spend. This was true. Savaran admitted it. What he did not admit was that Quali waited for him with a hangman's rope, so, though he apparently worked hard for Hannibal it was not altogether surprising that the Chellum plan gradually vanished under an avalanche of difficulties.

Hannibal raved. Hannibal was used to getting his own way and had all the necessary permits and dollars to get it quick. But though he poured out the latter to Savaran for use as palm oil, nothing happened.

However, just as Hannibal made up his mind to write Savaran off as the world's vastest dud, the miracle clicked. Savaran suggested that it might be easier to go out through Portuguese Lumpuli and so reach Gongoda where the scenery was also passionately primitive: should he try it? "Try it or Hades or anywhere that means quick action," snarled Hannibal, and got the startler of his life when, three hours later, Savaran told him that everything was settled and he could march for Gongoda in ten minutes' time if he liked. Nobody in Gongoda wanted to hang Savaran.

"It's all right," he said to Hannibal with his dry fierce smile. "I've got six thousand Gongoda braves for you at half a dollar a man. They'll be waiting for us when we reach their territory. They're real fighting stuff, too, and will give us a better show than these Laonga he-women."

"Snakes," gasped Hannibal. "You're a wonder-worker."

"They'll be waiting for us where the Gongoda River skirts the Riad forest," Savaran continued. "I've also saved you the trouble of carrying all those Ross rifles. The Gongoda bring their own arms, mainly Mausers and Martinis."

"But all our blank ammunition is Ross," frowned Hannibal. "Except the machine-gun stuff."

"This is our lucky moon, then," grinned Savaran, "for I've found an Arab with a godown full of Mauser and Martini. Just give me the permits. I'll doctor them so that the Lumpuli customs will pass the stuff. I would have been the world's best forger if I hadn't had such a pronounced taste for Empires."

A marvel when he liked, Savaran, but heart-breaking in between. He organised the caravan and the head packs in a way to make the Hollywood property men, no mean experts, grin in admiration. He fixed every single detail so that there could not be a hitch. Then on the very morning of the march he failed them.

He sent a burly and bearded dragoman with a broken nose, an ebonite skin, and the name of Tamaka to tell them that his departure must be delayed for a day or two owing to his being in the common jail consequent on pulling a Cadi's beard in a moment of absent-minded elation. He begged Hannibal to start his journey, assuring him that as soon as his feet had recovered from the effects of the bastinado he would break out and overtake the caravan. Meanwhile Tamaka of the Wry Nose would act as his deputy and do all that was necessary to make smooth the journey.

Hannibal Kaltly told the world that this was the last straw. He also kicked Tamaka into the nearest cactus, certain that the best way to avoid future trouble was to run the caravan himself. In this he erred. At the Lumpuli border trouble of particular virulence was waiting for him. Every Portuguese customs officer in the colony seemed massed to receive them, while drawn up, barring their path, were two native regiments with machine-guns to match.

"What do they take us for, a royal tour or an invasion?" asked Elveleta Lawless, but presently found that all these armed forces wanted was to be certain she did not carry a lean, six foot four man in her vanity bag. They were so sure that such a man must be in the caravan somewhere that, even when rigorous search failed to reveal him, it only seemed to make them doubly certain.

"For it is useless to lie at me," the fat Portuguese commander of the post roared in Hannibal's face. "That we do not see him is nothing. He is like that, this devil. *Basta*, he is so slick he can hide behind

"Gosh!" screamed Hannibal. "Camera! . . . That's great stuff!"

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. C. MICHAEL

a thought. That man—I think it was him who taught Satan half his art in cunning."

"That is probably true since it is of the lord Savaran you are speaking," said a calm voice in Swahali. "I know, for am I not Tamaka of the Wry Nose, my lord Savaran's chosen deputy."

The jet black dragoman sat calm on a disconsolate donkey regarding the scene indulgently, and at the mere speaking of Savaran's name the whole Portuguese cohort rushed at him.

"Dog of dogs," snarled the fat commander. "What know you of Savaran?"

"I know much," said Tamaka, with a large pride. "I know, for instance, that he sits carefully in such a manner as to prevent the soles of his feet touching anything, save, maybe, those parts of the *carcel* wall that are cool. And I know this because, I, too, have had the honour of the bastinado."

"Savaran in jail! Savaran whipped!" cried the Portuguese, and, forgetting all save this marvel, they crowded round Tamaka, while the black dragoman, savouring to the full the uniqueness of his position, told with gusto a story of a café dancing girl who forgot she loved a Cadi once the bright eyes of Savaran had rested on her.

"My lord Savaran," said Tamaka, stirred by the shouts of laughter his story evoked, "was in a gay mood. He had money. He had this caravan to command. He was escaping from the garbage tin called Laonga. He was reckless, wild, his most abandoned self. The girl was not so pretty, but a Cadi in a rage is an amusement, so, when that Cadi put his unsheathed dagger on the table before him and glared at my lord Savaran, my lord Savaran just naturally had to take the girl upon his knee."

"Disgusting," said Max Drelf.

"*Por Deus!*" cried the Portuguese commander. "That is Savaran! And then, you say, the Cadi struck, and then Savaran took hold of his beard and jerked him into the biggest drum . . . the scoundrel, the dog. But I would I had been there, for he fights like a bull, Savaran. Continue, scum of the pit."

"There is no more," said Tamaka. "Twenty Laonga fellahs threw themselves upon my lord Savaran and now he sits in the *carcel* most conscious of his feet."

Another shout of laughter at that. "But this is comic," the Portuguese roared. "Here is this rascal fat with pride at the thought of tricking us to-day imprisoned in jail instead."

"But he will come," said Tamaka with a touch of melancholy. "In a few days, when his feet can bear the ground, he will follow." He sighed, looked slyly at the customs man. "There is no doubt of that. Is there not much money to be made from these rich Americans? He will not leave that to me—if he can help it."

The Portuguese commander, wise in the ways of Coast Africans who will sell even their sons for cash down, caught the note in Tamaka's voice, and said softly: "It is indeed an evil thing that a mere boaster and brawler should deprive the honest Tamaka of good dollars."

"My belly is sore with the thought," said the dragoman.

"Still we may stop him passing," said the Portuguese.

"No," sighed Tamaka. "For he is Savaran, clever beyond all men. His disguise will beat you."

"And you will lose much money! Is this disguise so clever."

"Marvellous!", murmured Tamaka, looking as crooked as his nose, for he was looking down it. "It will be the same as he was to use to-day. Dressed as an ordinary Laonga fellah he will mix with a caravan, then in the tumult by this gate he will slip off his long robe and, lo! he will be dressed in the uniform of one of your own Portuguese customs officers. Thus you will never notice him."

"It is truly a marvellous way to fool us," said the customs man gravely. "Clear your caravan now, quickly, and travel fast so that at least you may get many days ahead of him. As for me, I must retire apart and ponder if it is possible to beat this Savaran's tricks."

So, leaving the Portuguese not unelated, Tamaka marched the caravan across Lumpuli so swiftly and without fault that Klatly decided the change was all to the good. For Tamaka had a genius, too. He handled the carriers like a master, and a glare and a word or two could smooth out almost any trouble. Indeed, he turned the difficult jungle trek into something like a picnic and he was, moreover, a vital and genial soul into the bargain, ready to talk about the wonders of the bush and himself at any moment, particularly to Elveleta, who found him thrilling. So helpful was he that when they had cleared the Portuguese customs on the farther side of Lumpuli and gained a land of petty chiefs, all with the minimum of friction, Hannibal cried:

"An' I don't give a darn if that fellow Savaran never does turn up. You're a jewel Tamaka, and of the two I prefer you."

"That's a pity," said Tamaka, in English that was no longer beach pidgin, and he straightened his nose by removing certain particles of wax. Also he plucked the beard from his chin and gave them the full benefit of a genially ferocious eagle smile.

"Hades!" gasped Hannibal. "Savaran all the time."

"I always keep my contracts," Savaran grinned, "even when it's one with myself never to see the inside of a Portuguese jail."

"Savvy—you beast," cried Elveleta. "It's you I've been flirting with all the time!"

"Yes," said Savaran his teeth flashing. "My charm at least is beyond even my talent in disguise."

"Well," growled Hannibal after three hours staring at it. "Your scenery's great, but where's your darn war?"

Standing in a clump of tall, dense trees, he glared across a sun-washed plain of grass and bush to where a long hill ended sharp against the hard African sky. There was nothing in sight. Not even a leaf stirred. Even Savaran's six thousand Gongoda braves, duly collected, drilled by Max Drelf to do the goose step and form fours and then put into the quaint uniform proper to film armies, seemed to have melted out of sight. Only a hundred or so squatted back of the trees near the sandbagged camp, scratching and dozing until that moment when Max would lead them in an heroic charge against impossible odds. Just those few fighters and large areas of wild scenery was all they could see of the really real war Savaran had promised them.

"*Mein Gott!*" groaned Max Drelf, impatient for heroism. "Was efer anything so dam silly. No regiments marching. Not one soldier in sight. Where have you got your ideas of war from?"

"Mainly from battles and sudden death," grinned Savaran, tall, thin and striking in his loose, Arab robe and suddenly he held up his hand. From a great distance there came a sullen bump, like a vanman dropping a packing case. There came another. Even there came as many as two more.

"It begins," said Savaran, his eyes bright.

"I don't see it," said Hannibal sullenly.

"It's beyond that hill," said Savaran. "My outposts are drawing the enemy towards us."

"Well, I'm glad something is happening at last," snapped Hannibal, and putting a megaphone to his mouth he called to camera men on platforms high up in the trees to stand ready.

Then he waited another hour.

"My sacred hat," he cried after that time. "What *is* it you are giving us, an international chess tournament, or a slow-motion exhibition of sleeping sickness? I'm about——"

He broke off to give a little yelp, for out of the very grass at his feet wriggled a lean, brown, naked man, ferocious with war paint and stabbing spears and almost unrecognisable from leaves and tufts of grass tied over him. He gave Hannibal a tiger grin that made the film man leap backwards, saluted Savaran with upheld spear and poured out a stream of Gongoda.

"Pass the word to your cameras," said Savaran, suddenly keen and fierce. "Fighting begins any minute now. Their first regiment has just come over the hill into the plain."

"And that's a lie," snapped Max. "I've been watching. I haven't seen as much as a marching squad."

Savaran ignored him; Savaran was snapping a string of calm orders. Hannibal gave another little squeal, for this time a whole line of Gongoda soldiers heaved themselves out of the grass and threw themselves on their stomachs, rifles at the ready.

"You look like the king-emperor of all Africa, Savvy," Elveleta said softly, her eyes on his exultant face.

"One's destiny is written on one," he flashed back at her. "And then I must look a king, for certainly you are a queen."

Well, she looked it. Clad in barbaric robes, mainly feathers and beads, for she was to be shown rallying her warriors in several "cut-ins," she looked every inch a chieftainess. She laughed softly at Savaran's compliment, and Max Drelf, very pretty in a uniform utterly unsuited for tropic fighting, snarled:

"Seems to me this is the season for slush—in words and work. What's it all about? Where's this fighting you're supposed to give us?" He swung in fury on Hannibal. "I told you all along that this boob had no more idea of what real fighting is like than a fireside cat. He's a washout. I'm going to take over and get some guts into it. If I've got to be a hero, I've got to have it fierce, and——"

He was interrupted by a high nasal call from a native watcher up with the camera men. Savaran darted quick glances at the stagnant landscape, laughed in harsh savagery.

"There's your war," he cried, pointing.

"What? Where? Those waving bushes, you mean?" said Hannibal, staring hard and puzzled.

"Focus on those bushes," snapped Savaran to the camera man near him. "Distance, 780 yards. Start taking now." He called the same order up to the men in the trees.

"What do *we* do," sneered Max, "wait until they break into bud?"

Hannibal cried in a suddenly excited voice: "Gosh! They're—hell, they're walking across the

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plain towards us. Solid bushes strolling along."

"'Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane,'" grinned Savaran. "That's the oldest military stratagem in the world." He put a whistle to his lips and blew sharply, and at once a slash of rifle fire away to the right and left of them as the Gongoda soldiers loosed off.

There came a wave of yells, and the moving bushes went down—and leaping through them, like warriors spring fully armed from dragon's teeth sown in the earth, there charged a thousand naked savages. Big, sinewy braves, their bobbing feathers making them nine feet tall, their war paint making them devils; their great red shields shone like blood in the sun, while massed spears swung aloft like the glittering spray of a wave bursting against a sea wall. A great roar came from them, the drumming of spear-shafts against shields, and in a mighty surge they hurled forward.

"Gosh!" screamed Hannibal. "Camera! . . . Cam-era! Get that, you sons of guns. Gosh! That's great stuff!"

"Soft," sneered Max Drelf. "Sort of thing they do in a circus. Thought you wanted *real* war, Hannibal! Why, a spinster sisterhood could do better than that. Any mutt'll know it's mere play-acting directly he sees it on the screen. Why—look at the way they're dying. Dropping forward like sacks—no drama. No action. No actuality. You've got to give me something better than that before I can get the real, red, hell-courage feeling in *my* bones. Unless I feel a kick——"

He stopped. There was, actually, a kick—the sound of a mule kicking the tree beside him. They all jumped and looked up, except Savaran, who merely smiled fiercely and gave orders to Gongoda runners, and looking up they saw a big ugly wound gouged in the bark of that tree. Then, most emphatically, all became aware of many thin and vicious snake hissings in the air about them then another something smacked a tree and a cut-off branch came crashing down. Looking across the plain they saw that the charging warriors had flung themselves flat and that many balloons of black powder smoke were breaking above their line, and, as they looked, a Gongoda soldier near them leapt to his feet and then fell like a sack—without action or drama but in a way unmistakably dead.

There came a little whimper, but it came from Max Drelf not Elveleta, pale under her grease-paint. She gave a sound that was half gasp, half-laugh. Hannibal Klatly on his part just swore, to himself and at Savaran

"You absolutely insisted on its being—*real*," Savaran grinned. "I prefer it that way myself, too. Also, it fitted in with a long-thought-out scheme of mine for making the Gongoda the paramount fighting race in this area."

"You—you've risked all our lives," cried Max Drelf throatily.

"Not necessarily," grinned Savaran, straightening his turban, which a bullet had flicked. "That Mauser and Martini blank the faked permits got by the Portuguese—isn't blank. These Gongoda braves will use it like geniuses, because a genius is handling them, and, speaking personally, you'll be perfectly safe behind the sandbag square in the middle of the camp, if you like to retire there—you certainly must, Elveleta."

Elveleta certainly did not. Max Drelf went behind the sandbags at a run, but Elveleta stayed. She laughed in a queer, strained voice, "Savaran, you've a new thrill every trick you turn," but she would do no more than sit behind a tree trunk where she was reasonably immune.

And Hannibal Klatly would not even sit, though Savaran pointed out he could give his orders as well and very much safer that way. He snarled: "You're a darned murdering scoundrel—but this looks like being the fiercest, biggest, realist stuff in movie history, and Hannibal Klatly is not the man to fall down or even sit down on it."

He stood and directed his camera work, and the cameraman beside him stood too—those high in the trees were safe. Savaran was not the only man heedless of all save his art on that field, even though bullets zizzed, and arrows and assegais came over in unhealthy numbers.

And Hannibal Klatly admitted that Savaran gave him his money's worth, and so has the public since. Savaran, being Savaran, seemed indeed to take a joy in proving that he could even manipulate battles to meet screen requirements . . . a surging sea of warriors came splendidly on to the hard skyline of the far hill, thousands of sinewy silhouettes, lean, muscular, magnificent with their flaunting feathers and their up-flung shield and spear arms showing sharp against the sky.

"Gosh!" gasped Hannibal. "That catches the throat! Gosh! If we could only have a 'retake' to make sure of it."

"We will," grinned Savaran, and snapped orders. The three mountain and five machine-guns which he had held silent until then suddenly came into play, spraying the hillside so heartily with shells and bullets that the savages went scurrying in a ragged mass back over the skyline.

"They'll come again in double strength," said Savaran. "You'll get a better picture; warn your cameras."

Savaran, in fact, seemed to be able to do what he liked with the enemy, and to revel in his mastery. He let the warriors charge right up to the cameras, until the very thunder of their feet and the dust they raised seemed about to engulf the defence, but a cloud of hand grenades burst in their faces, doing little harm save that the sheer dramatic shock of the explosions shattered the charge as a jet of water quenches flame. At another time with his exploding shells heading it and herding it like sheepdogs, he sent the enemy mass streaming across the front, and Hannibal's cameras got magnificent shots.

"Mere tactical trickery," Savaran shrugged. "But, of course, one has to be a master to do it."

"A little bit—savage?" panted Hannibal.

"Not half as bad as they hoped to deal out to the Gongoda," said Savaran grimly. "Also this is the Riad people, a tribe and a king needing a lesson."

Soon the battle dwindled. The Riad attack was broken. Only a big body in the centre maintained a long-distance fight.

"They've got to be scattered with an attack," said Savaran, and grinned. "This is where Max shows the hero stuff in him and leads his regiment in that last desperate charge of his."

"Yep," sighed Hannibal. "This is it—a peach of a picture, too. Only—only Max'll never do it."

"Lucky then that Savaran will," said the tall adventurer—with relish. He ripped the long robe from his body revealing the fact that he was clad in an exact copy of Max Drelf's pretty uniform—even down to the medal ribbons that were really Elveleta's garter. He also clapped on a duplicate of the neat moustache Max wore for military pictures, so that with the brim of his solar topee well down he became a remarkably good substitute for Max.

He blew a whistle, and his Gongoda, grinning like wolves, came to their feet at a bound.

"Savaran!" cried Elveleta, in a shaky voice. "Savaran! Don't . . . It's death!"

"More the glory, then," he cried, with a flash of white teeth, "for I carry your ribbon over my heart!"

Then with a magnificent wave of his sword, he led his yelling Gongoda in that wild, brilliant and smashing charge which, millions of film fans have since agreed, showed Max Drelf as his most heroic self.

That charge crushed the Riad and rounded off a peerless battle picture, but Savaran did not see the rout driven home, for a panting messenger had brought him a woeful story.

Four hundred yards from the camp he came upon a shivering Max Drelf telling a stammering story to Hannibal Klatly, while a hundred Gongoda looked on with bewildered eyes.

"A big, buck nigger with a score of other fiends at his heels, crept up to the camp and sprang into the sandbag square so suddenly that it was only by sheer luck that I escaped with my life. And let me tell you, Klatly, my contract——"

"There was a camp guard," said Savaran harshly. "What happened to it?"

"Lot of darn fools," cried Max. "One jabbered something at me, and I told him to get to hell out of it—and he did, with all the others!"

"They thought you were a *real* soldier giving real orders," snarled Savaran. "What then?"

"Why—why, these black devils made a sort of little fort in the middle of the camp, and strapped Elveleta to a pole——"

"They've got—Elveleta!" cried Savaran. He caught Max Drelf, shook him until his false moustache fell off, threw him aside and made for the camp at a run.

When Hannibal Klatly and the others reached the sandbag wall, Savaran was standing a little inside it, facing across a bare, sun-stark place a grim little group of savages who glared ferociously back. There were less than a score of these, but they were all giants, young, lean, bronzed creatures, superbly muscled, barbarically arrayed, and grouped—a king's picked bodyguard about a king.

And their king was there, a huge bull of a man with a lioness' skin about his magnificent torso and a vehement sunray of scarlet plumes about his great and ferocious head. And that head was turned, watching Savaran with a wary stealth, while his thick right arm was fore-shortened ready to stab the shovel-broad blade of his spear pointed straight at the breast of Elveleta, standing bound hand and foot to a post.

"Gosh," gasped Hannibal, as he looked over the sandbags, "here's hell! But it's the 'Rescue shot' from the scenario better than written, too."

"So," Savaran was saying quietly, to the big king. "Mindipi is the Fox to the last, and prefers to fight women to men."

"Stand back, Zavarani," growled the big chief, not altering his pose. "And make but one evil movement and the white woman dies."

"And Mindipi the Fox will be given to the Gongoda women so that his death may be more slow and more shameful," said Savaran.

"What matter," snarled the Riad king, "for she dies first."

They glared at each other like two tigers meeting in a death struggle. Mindipi's eyes wavered.

"I am standing still," said Savaran softly.

"Then I will tell you what you must do," said the big chief. "You will march your Gongoda away leaving all your guns behind. You will leave my land in peace. When I know you are beyond the river boundary I will send the woman back to you unharmed."

"Truly you are called Mindipi the Fox for good reason, since you think to escape the vengeance of Savaran by a trick and a woman," jeered the spider-lean adventurer. "But that is not Savaran's way. I have broken your people, and you, too, I will break, Mindipi, for you have shown treachery to Savaran, passing word to those who hunted him. Those who wrong Savaran, Savaran pays."

"Then the woman dies!" growled Mindipi the Fox, and he would have stabbed then and there only a crash of metal at Savaran's feet brought him round with a bound.

Savaran with a quick gesture had unbuckled and dropped his belt, his sword, his two pistols falling with it. Savaran stood before his foe weaponless and with folded arms. It was magnificent and it was also Savaran.

"I am unarmed, Mindipi," he said evenly. "You should find me as worthy of your steel as a woman."

Laughing softly into the face of the huge king, he walked quietly forward.

Hannibal Kaltly gave a little gasp. Even the cameraman beside him swore—but he kept on grinding. The savage bodyguard stood back in awe, leaving a wide space about the two men—as Savaran knew they would. And Mindipi the Fox stood, taken aback, hesitant by such old daring—while across that stark, sun-bright space Savaran walked calmly on to the poised steel.

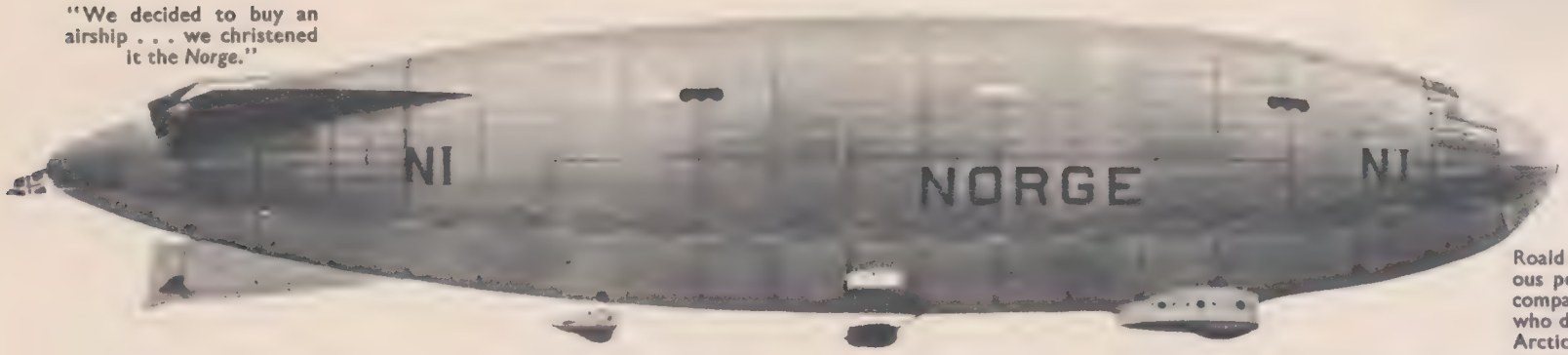
Savaran walked on, slow, smiling, to certain death. Mindipi the king wondered what trick of cunning was behind that calm eagle smile. He hesitated, he hesitated just a fraction too long. Suddenly, and with a shout of impulsiveness, the savage swung his arm. Elveleta screamed "Savaran!" Mindipi ducked a little at the scream, and as he ducked Savaran, like a leaping cat, was under the blade, had the great arm forced up, had the great leg back heeled, and in one tremendous twist more trick than strength, had Mindipi the king, on his face, nose in the dust; and as the big king went down, Savaran wrenched the big stabbing spear free, and with the whetted point against the brown and brawny shoulder blades, he cried:

"Savaran wins as Savaran meant to. Move not, O guards, or your king dies . . . Hannibal, when you think you've shot film enough, let the Gongoda come to me."

"Great fella," cried Hannibal, wringing his hands thirty seconds later. "Great fella . . . walking straight on to that blade . . . made my blood run cold, but it'll make a dandy picture . . . and, see here, I guess it's you we'd better take releasing Elveleta from the sacrificial stake."

"No," said Savaran, with an eagle frown. "No, I think not . . . undignified. I'm a king again—Savaran, first king of the united empire of Gongoda and Riad . . . I've got to think of my prestige."

"We decided to buy an airship . . . we christened it the *Norge*."



Roald Amundsen, famous polar explorer and companion of Ellsworth, who disappeared in the Arctic when trying to rescue General Nobile's marooned airship crew.

I *looked down* on the POLE

by Lincoln Ellsworth

I ALWAYS dreamed of going to the North Pole and it was Amundsen who, at long last, helped me make that dream come true—although the first instalment of the dream turned out to be a veritable nightmare.

I first met Amundsen in Paris about the time the closing curtain went down on the World War. He was then outfitting his ship, the *Maud*, for another polar expedition. The meeting was an outstanding event in my life. But to Amundsen I was less than a passing shadow. Just another young man among the hundreds out for adventure and for whom there was no room on his expedition.

Time slipped by. Half a dozen years. Then one morning I read a newspaper story that changed the whole course of events in my life. Who would think that a small item in the ship-news section of a New York morning newspaper could be the magic force that transformed my days from an endless chain of hopeful dreams into glorious reality.

And yet—that is precisely what happened.

I shudder to think what I might have missed if I had failed to read the *New York Herald Tribune* on a certain morning in October, 1924. I was all packed and ready to start for South America, in fact, I had bought my ticket. But instead of going to South America I went to the North Pole!

On that October morning, on reading the *Herald Tribune*, I learned that Amundsen had come to America to give a series of lectures. He hoped to raise enough cash to make an attack by airplane upon the North Pole.

I was thrilled by the idea and on the spur of the moment telephoned Amundsen at his hotel.

He did not know me, did not recall ever meeting me. But I told him about my profound interest in his project and asked for a chance to talk to him. Amundsen must have received hundreds of such calls. Every explorer does. What there was about my inquiry that set it apart from the others, I will never know, for Amundsen never told me. But he invited me to visit him. I did not stand on the formality of my coming, but went at once.

My second meeting with Amundsen was more satisfactory than my first, probably because Amundsen had more leisure to listen to me in New York than he had in Paris, when he was harassed by the pressing details of an impending expedition.

I told him how, since early youth, my imagination had been captured by the lure of the Arctic. That I could not remember just when first it was. Doubtless, somewhere in my ancestry there was a restless wanderer with an unappeasable desire to attain the farthest North. I told him, too, how I, some years previously, had planned to go with George Borup, once famed as a "tenderfoot with Peary," who had organised an expedition to search for the supposed "Crocker Land" in the Arctic.

Borup was to be civil engineer to the expedition, in charge of the cartographic work in the mapping of any new lands found. His associate was Donald B. MacMillan. Though the plan miscarried, due to Borup's death, I shall always consider the honour of having been chosen as the third member of the party for this quest one of the greatest that has come to me.

Lincoln Ellsworth, whose dramatic relief in the South Polar Wastes by the British research ship *Discovery II*, recently thrilled the world.

I told Amundsen that I knew Borup and MacMillan had picked me solely on the grounds of personal fitness. For years I had been training myself, seeking an opportunity to organise my own, or become part of an Arctic expedition.

Amundsen listened with much more interest than I was entitled to. I told him how I, seemingly unable to realise my dreams to go to the Arctic, in February of that year had organised an expedition to make a geological cross-section of a certain part of the Andes in South America. I added that I was planning to go back to South America, but—and this with emphasis—I would rather go to the Arctic than anywhere else. After further discussions, Amundsen and I came to an agreement. At last, I was to go to the Arctic! I had a few thousand dollars, but that was only a small drop in a very large bucket. We had to get money and I set out to raise it.

First of all I went to Washington, where I called on General William Mitchell, then Chief of the Air Service, to see if I could borrow some essential equipment from the Army, but the General told me that Congressional sanction was needed for that sort of thing—and that would take months.

We also appealed to other sources, including the Aero Club of Norway—Amundsen's native land—and last but not least, I turned to my father for support. He was highly reluctant but finally, with the aid of my sister and Harold T. Clark, our family attorney, father agreed to contribute the £17,000 that made possible our first polar flight of 1925.

And yet, my first glorious adventure with Amundsen into the Arctic came near striking a snag. My father felt the expedition was a dangerous one and we had barely set the financial machinery into motion for outfitting the expedition when my father called Mr. Clark on the phone and said:

"Mr. Clark, I have changed my mind."

"Mr. Ellsworth, it is too late," replied Mr. Clark.

There was a brief pause, during which Mr. Clark wondered what my father's next words would be. Then his crisp voice, tinged with a note of relief, came over the phone:

"Well I'm glad of it!"

The story of our flight over the Polar Sea to within 120 nautical miles of the North Pole needs only a summary here. Our two planes took off from the ice at King's Bay, Spitzbergen, about 5 a.m. on May 21, 1925. After eight hours in the air, the time estimated to bring us to the Pole, we came down into the first open "lead" big enough for our planes to land in to take an observation as to our exact

(*Continued on page* 13)

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AIDS DIGESTION — FRESHENS THE MOUTH

Continuing I LOOKED DOWN on the POLE

whereabouts, for we had been heavily drifted to the westward by a strong north-east wind, and our fuel was just half consumed. We found ourselves in latitude 87.44 N. and longitude 10.20 W.

Thus, while we had flown 600 miles—the exact distance of the Pole from Spitzbergen—our drift of 50 miles off our course was responsible for our loss in latitude and the fuel necessary to carry us to the Pole.

It required twenty-five days of hard labour to free one of our imprisoned planes. The mournful sound of the wind blowing through its rigging made us quick to seek shelter in its interior each evening, after our long days labour of clearing.

Although our four-walled compartment was of metal and heavily coated with hoarfrost, it shut out the damp, fog-bound waste in which we were but mites, a colourless waste that seemed to reach into infinity.

The scanty heat from the "Primus" together with that given out by our bodies, was sufficient to raise the temperature above freezing. The hoarfrost, melting, dripped down our necks and spattered into our mugs of chocolate, but nothing could dampen our spirits.

I never knew the real feelings of my companions, for whatever conversation there was, as we sat over our chocolate, was mostly in Norwegian, but I learned to accept with abiding faith what each day offered. Spitzbergen was but eight hours away; maybe to-morrow we would be on the way!

Thus passed twenty-four days, but on the twenty-fifth—the day we had actually set two weeks previously, to start on foot for the Greenland coast 400 miles away, but which we knew we could not reach—our efforts were rewarded, and one plane, with six men in it, rose, and headed toward Norway.

This, in short, is the history of the flight itself. The scientific results, from an expedition that cost £30,000, consisted in the exploration of 120,000 square miles of hitherto unknown region and the taking of two soundings which showed the depth of the Polar Basin at that latitude to be 12,000 feet, thus precluding the likelihood of any land on the European side of the North Pole.

But between the Pole and Alaska lay what? Mystery—a mystery as luminous, and yet as impenetrable as its own mirage enveloped an area twice that of Alaska.

After our experience with airplanes we decided to buy an airship, and we went to Italy because Mussolini had one that appeared to fit both our needs and the size of our purse.

The N1, built to the designs of Colonel Umberto Nobile in the Italian State Airship Factory, and christened by us the "Norge," was of semi-rigid construction, 349 feet long and of 20 tons displacement. Her fuel capacity of 7 tons, with which to run her three 250 horse-power Maybach motors, gave her a range of 3,500 miles, or about 70 hours, at a speed of 50 miles per hour. Her gas capacity of 660,000 cubic feet was about one third that of R33.

The "Norge" was equipped with a Marconi wireless direction finder, the tuning-circuit for which was designed to cover a wide band of wave-lengths; those used ranged from 900 to 1,400 metres. The energy for the specially constructed valve transmitter was delivered from a windmill-driven generator supplying 3,000 volts.

There was a delay of several days after the long flight from Italy to Spitzbergen, before the "Norge" was able to proceed on her journey across the Polar Sea. Satisfactory weather conditions were essential. We needed a clear sky with good visibility and a favourable wind; also a high barometric pressure and a low temperature. These last two elements influenced greatly the lifting capacity of the dirigible. For each degree Fahrenheit that the temperature went down, the airship gained 80 pounds in lifting capacity, which was increased by 140 pounds for each tenth of an inch added to the barometric pressure.

The keel of the "Norge" looked like a flying store-house when all was ready for the start at 8.55 o'clock on the morning of May 11, 1926. The equipment included tents, sleeping-bags, skis, snow-shoes for those who couldn't ski, rifles, shotguns, ammunition, a hand-sledge—the finest piece of workmanship I ever saw—made by Oskar Wisting on the *Maud*, and a big canvas boat. Two men among the personnel, Amundsen and Wisting, had the distinction of having been at the South Pole, and now both were en route for the North Pole.

Provisions consisted of pemmican, chocolate, oat biscuits and dry milk, sufficient to last 16 men two months, with a daily ration of 500 grammes for each man.

On the walls of the cabin hung the pictures of Norway's King and Queen, presented to the "Fram" on the expedition to the South Pole in 1910; an image of the Madonna which the Italians had brought with them; and a four-leaf clover given to the ship by Major Scott, who piloted the British airship R34 across the Atlantic. In the keep hung the flags of Norway, the United States, and Italy, to be dropped on the North Pole.

To those who made the first crossing of the Polar Sea it will ever be "life's great adventure," for in all human experience never before has Man travelled so fast and so far into the realm of the unknown. There is an indefinable something about such an experience, where illusion and reality are so hauntingly intermingled, that ever after it may well colour one's whole sentiment of existence.

Two hours after leaving King's Bay we found ourselves over the "pack-ice." What weather! The sun shone brilliantly out of a sky of pure turquoise, and the whalelike shadow that our airship cast beneath us trailed monotonously across a glittering snowfield, unbroken, save where wind and tide had rift the icy surface into cracks and leads of open water. Three white whales darted under the protecting shelf of an ice-floe, and polar bear, frightened at the sight and noise of the weird monster that took to the air instead of the sea, dived into the sheltering leads, sending up columns of spray that reflected the bright sunshine.

As we approached latitude 83½ the snow-crowned peaks of Spitzbergen merged into the deepening blue of the southern sky, losing their identity, and all signs of life vanished. Intermittent fogs, rolling beneath us like a great woollen ocean, hid the ice from our view. Approaching 88 we had to rise from 1,800 feet to more than 3,000 in order to get over it.

Latitude 87.44—what memories!

The motors were slowed down in commemoration of our sojourn there the year previous, although we were passing the exact spot 50 miles to the eastward.

In this latitude, during the summer months, it is difficult to separate days and nights, for the sun swings around the horizon at practically the same altitude during the entire twenty-four hours. But our Greenwich chronometer told us we had been out 16½ hours, so the time was really 1.30 a.m., May 12. The fog had completely cleared away and there was no wind. The navigator had been on his knees at one of the starboard windows since 1.10, with his sextant set on the height and declination the sun should have at the Pole, corresponding to the given date. Suddenly he shouted:

"Here we are!" as the sun's image started to cover his sextant bubble.

We were over the North Pole!

With motors throttled and heads uncovered we descended to within 300 feet of the ice and dropped three flags.

"There is no more evanescent quality in an accomplished fact," says Conrad, "than its wonderfulness." Solicited incessantly by the considerations affecting its fears and desires, the human mind turns naturally away from the marvellous side of events. And it was in the most natural way possible that, after crossing the Pole, we filled our mugs with meat-balls immersed in a liquid of hot grease, from a large thermos cask, and, squatting down anywhere out of the way of trampling feet, devoured the first and only hot meal of our entire voyage from Spitzbergen to Alaska.

With full speed ahead, we settled down to the monotony of routine again, heading southward instead of north, with the sun-compass settled for Point Barrow, Alaska, 1,500 miles away. Ahead lay the world's biggest unexplored area. What would it reveal? A lost continent, islands, or what? Would we cross safely to tell the world what we had seen? Although we were without sleep, these questions animated every man aboard to a state of constant watchfulness and expectancy.

Hour after hour passed, but only the same glittering surface, rift by wind and tide into cracks and leads of open water, was here as before, forcing our route, in a west-east direction. We reached the "Ice-Pole" at 7 a.m., five and one half hours later.

This "Ice-Pole," so called because it is the centre of the Arctic ice-mass and therefore the most nearly inaccessible spot in the Arctic regions, lies in latitude 86 N and longitude 157 W. But its inaccessibility was now conquered, and the sixteen men looking down upon the chaos of broken ice-fields and pressure ridges of upturned ice-blocks that appeared as though giants had waged war with the Polar ice, agreed as to its accessibility by means of air craft only.

We had covered one half the distance between King's Bay and Point Barrow. Of the seven tons of fuel the ship carried, only about two tons had been consumed. Here, strange to say, we picked up the first sign of life since leaving 83½ (almost 700 miles), one lone Polar bear track. What a challenge!

What a mockery to our egotism!

Yet there it was, plainly crossing a large ice-floe. Only a Polar bear, but something alive and like ourselves seeking—but what, away out here? Anyway, it was something tangible again. The sense of utter solitude—the illusion of disembodiment—that had taken possession of me, as I seemed to float through the void like a lost soul, beyond the confines of a three-dimensional world, vanished, and in its place sprang eternal hope and the desire to achieve.

Just ahead, so it seemed, lay Alaska, the goal of our dreams. "A little more, yet how far it was; a little less, but what worlds away." But as we approached its coast, fears assailed us; for we ran into the only storm during our entire voyage—fog, wind, and sleet—and for thirty-one hours we battled.

In flying, as in life, it is not what we see, but what we cannot see, that we fear. Each moment held not only something new, but something unforeseeable. Ice coated the aerial wire and froze the windmill driver of our generator, which supplied the electrical energy to operate the transmitter and charge the storage batteries, and all efforts to establish communication with Alaska were of no avail.

The last report from Alaska, before the wireless ceased to work, showed a cyclone that seemed to be stationary over the Bering Sea.

Ice-crust formed on the bow of the ship. This was alarming, not only because it loaded her down, but also because it spoiled her trimming. We tried to counteract the effect by moving the fuel from the bow tanks and sending the crew aft.

Needless to say, our greatest danger lay in the ice that was torn loose from the sides of the ship by the whirling propellers and thrown against the gas bags. An ice-block of the most fantastic shape settled on the sun compass, stopping the clockwork and putting it out of action for the rest of the flight.

It was a surprise, therefore, to find by observation at 4 a.m. on May 13, that we were in a nearly north-south position on a line striking the Alaskan coast and passing only twenty-one nautical miles west of Point Barrow, because it had been nearly twelve hours since the last longitude observation.

At 6.45 a.m. land was sighted ahead on the port bow, and at 7.25, after a voyage lasting 48 hours, we reached the coast. Flat and snow-covered, it was the most desolate looking coast line imaginable, but it was land and that was enough.

At last, after hours of probing and battling through clouds and fog we made a safe landing at Teller, a small trading post some ninety miles north-west of Nome. Our journey was over.

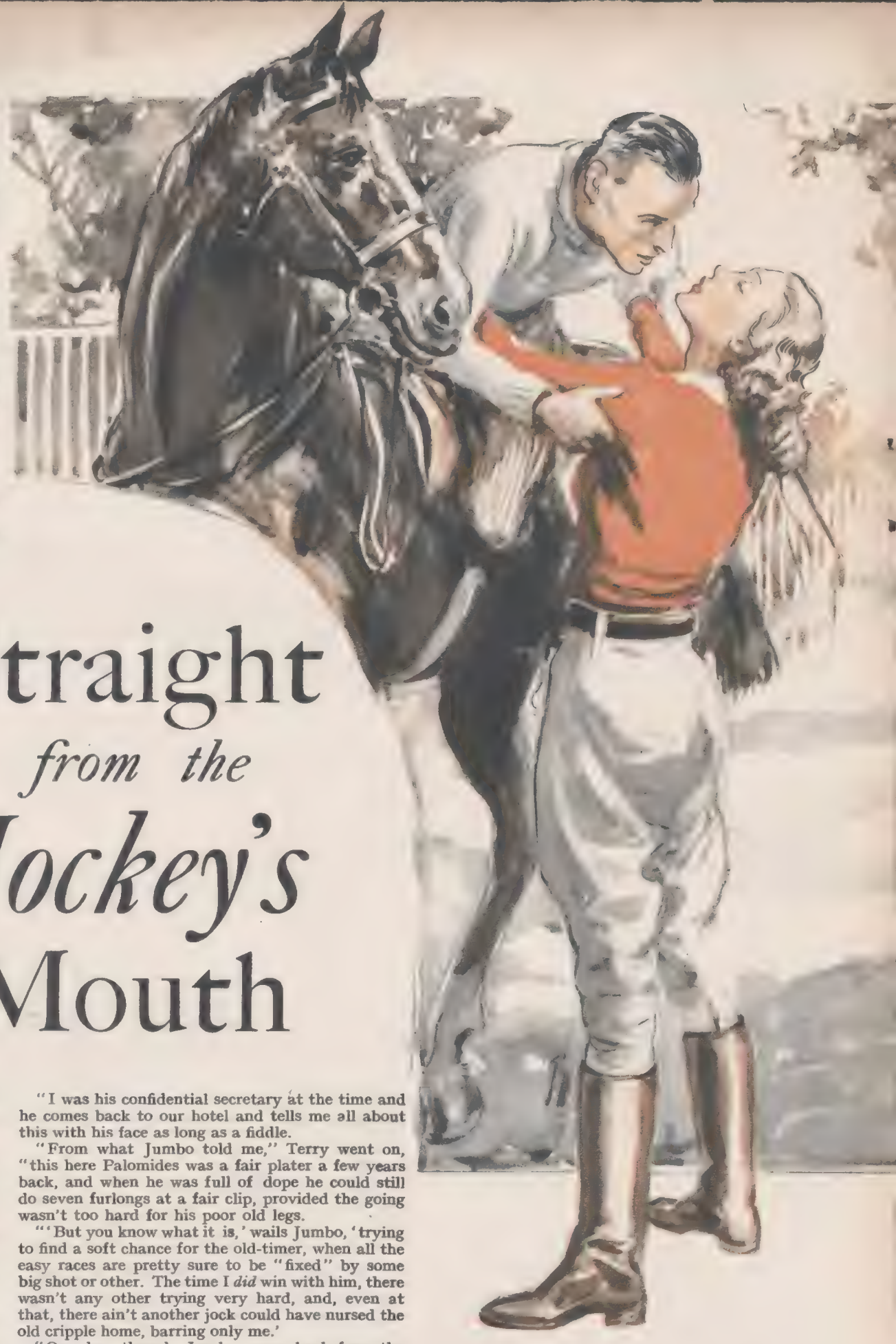
Thus my dreams of reaching the Pole were realised. And yet, as I stood on the ground after that memorable flight, I could not help but let my thoughts revert to the bitter, hopeless, heartbreaking quest of the gallant men who had gone before us.

Foremost stood Admiral Peary, whose land base at Camp Columbia was only 413 miles from the Pole and yet it took that courageous explorer almost a quarter of a century—twenty-three years to be exact—to travel that 413 miles before he reached his objective.

With ships and dogs and sleds, Peary and Nansen, Steffanson and Amundsen and dozens of other great men have flung themselves against the Arctic and beaten down the barriers of the north. The same applies to the heroic journeys of Scott, Amundsen and Shackleton toward the South Pole. Slow, gruelling, heart-breaking work.

Those dog and sled days—which brought Man in quest of the polar secrets in close and protracted grip with the forces of Nature—seem to have gone for ever. Now and in the future, swift planes and slower dirigibles fly over those beautiful and yet treacherous regions that lie at the top and at the bottom of the world. Impressive heralds of the new order of things in the field of exploration.

Straight *from the* *Jockey's* Mouth



TERRY SULLIVAN surveyed the billiard table gloomily. He had been playing like a novice and still needed thirty for game. Moreover the position seemed absolutely safe. It was only when I had snapped up his bet of a level half-sovereign that he bent to his task, scored a beautiful all-round cannon, and ran to game with never a fault.

"An' I'll be taking a drop of Irish—a double—to cilibrate that," said he. "You'll not forget that the drinks wint with the game, will ye now?"

"Not while you've a tongue in your head," I agreed, giving the order to the marker. "I ought to have known you were riding clever. But, talking of rules, Terry, I wish you were still a jockey instead of being warned off every respectable course in three continents."

"An' what difference would that make?"

"Jockeys don't bet," I retorted viciously.

Terry leant back against the plush settee and chuckled delightedly.

"Just the same," he began, "there's times whin a jockey boy gets badly timpted. You don't bet yourself as a rule, but see what happens when you think you have a cert! Vanity timpted you, me boy. And that puts me in mind of a dacint little jock who was timpted by love and then by vanity, too. 'Tis a queer story, pointing the old moral that there's no certainty with horses or women.

"They called him 'Jumbo,'" continued my disreputable Irish-American friend dreamily, "on account of him being the smallest full-grown man iver I set eyes on. There was niver an ounce of his little body he could waste, but he lived well and he ate hearty, and he was a grand horseman.

"Big stables he rode for now and again, but he was retained, as ye might say, by Tony Straponi—him they called 'Desperate'—and other illigant gangsters in a big way of business. He was an honest jock too, and rode strictly to orders. I niver saw him pull a horse once and no more did the judges.

"About the time I knew him Jumbo was coining money faster than a picture queen, an' still he wasn't satisfied. He was like that bit of a boy, Oliver Twist, who niver did anything I can remember excipt to pass his plate for another go of pie. But Jumbo wasn't greedy on his own account. No, he was just crazy to marry a strapping, handsome, near-society dame.

"Fabia Jenkins was the name of this cutie, and her dad played the markets in Wall Street. Not contint with that, he bought a few horses and Fabia pretty well managed his stable—such as it was.

"Came a day when Jumbo had no mount in some two-cent race and Fabia's jock had gone crippled on her. The trainer asks Jumbo to ride and he's still laughing when the girl comes along and says, 'Oh, *please* do!'

"She knocked Jumbo cold with her first smile. The poor little runt wint shaky at the knees and his eyes were popping out of his thin brown face. He took the mount right enough and, what's more, he actually won the race. And if you'd seen Palomides—that was the name they gave to the poor dumb critter—you'd know that was hot riding and then some.

"Was Fabia pleased? She certainly was! She was *too* pleased. That was the trouble. She was one of thim optimists who are not contint to believe that miracles can happen, but have to give thim an encore whin they do. Little Jumbo was speechless with joy the way she praised him after the race. Thin he begins to ride trials for her and prisintly the two av thim are as thick as thieves together.

"Wan day, after he'd given old Palomides a bit of a pipe opener and before he's dismounted, this big blonde doll is waiting for him and she says, 'You're being mighty good to me, Dick, that is, Mr. Shrove!'—his real name being Dick Shrove. 'Good nuthin'!' he gulps. 'Why, I'd do anything for you, Miss Fabia.'

"'Win me another race, Dick,' says the big-hearted skirt, and hoists him down from Palomides, kissing him full and hearty while he's still in mid-air.

"I was his confidential secretary at the time and he comes back to our hotel and tells me all about this with his face as long as a fiddle.

"From what Jumbo told me," Terry went on, "this here Palomides was a fair plater a few years back, and when he was full of dope he could still do seven furlongs at a fair clip, provided the going wasn't too hard for his poor old legs.

"'But you know what it is,' wails Jumbo, 'trying to find a soft chance for the old-timer, when all the easy races are pretty sure to be "fixed" by some big shot or other. The time I *did* win with him, there wasn't any other trying very hard, and, even at that, there ain't another jock could have nursed the old cripple home, barring only me.'

"One day, though, Jumbo comes back from the Jenkins stable all het up and desperate and bursts into my room.

"'Terry,' he shouts. 'What'll I do? Fabia's dad has got clawed by the Wall Street bears so bad that he's due to pass right out of business if he can't find twenty grand by the end of next week.'

"It was the old man himself who had just broken the bad news to Jumbo. I said the best thing Mr. Jenkins could do was to sell his horses, but it seemed he had borrowed on them more than they were worth already.

"'Besides,' yells Jumbo, waving his hands and dancing by the side of me bed like a flea with the colic, 'I've got Palomides due to *win* next Thursday. Desperate's a grand guy. He's fixed it for me!'

"If he'd put a pin into me, I couldn't have sat up quicker. Blonde dolls and their daddies are one thing, but tough guys like Desperate have to be taken seriously. Besides, I was sore at Jumbo for fixing *anything* without asking me first.

So Disperate's fixed things up for you,' I sneers. 'An' which end of the purse will he be taking, if I might ask?'

"'You don't understand, Terry,' Jumbo comes back peevishly. 'This is a straight-up-and-down, on-the-level, honest-to-goodness "fix." There's no dough in it at all, so Desperate ain't expecting a cut. He's just out to help me, that's all. I found a bum claiming race at a little meeting where the old horse looks like he might stand a chance, specially in this soft weather. He's as good as all the other entries bar three. One belongs to Desperate and another to Sam Finkelstein. So I tell the boss how it is with me and Miss Fabia and he says: 'O.K., Jumbo! Leave it to me! I was thinking of trimming that old double-crosser, Finkelstein, but there's plenty time. I'll talk to him instead and we'll both take our horses out of the race if you think Palomides can take care of the others.'

"'And can he?' says I.

"'Sure he can!' Jumbo comes back. 'That is, with me riding him. Fervent Lady is the only other entry with a ghost of a chance, but she's no better than Palomides at that and as for her jock, Bennie Peters, I could beat him if he was up on a Derby winner.'

"Win me another race, Dick," said Fabia, hoisting him from the horse and kissing him in mid-air.

A Terry Sullivan Story

by H. KINGSLEY LONG

"'Sounds good to me,' I said, cautious-like. 'Why don't you help yourself to a parcel, backing your own mount?'

"'I don't bet,' says Jumbo, 'and well you know it, Terry. All the same, I might break my rule this time to help Fabia, but it's no use. In that field, and with me up on Palomides, I'll be starting at odds on. And where'll I find the money to win five hundred dollars that way, let alone twenty thousand?'

"'Jumping Jehosophat!' says I, 'you weren't thinking of *giving* old man Jenkins all that scratch?'

"'It's for Fabia's sake,' he comes back, looking goofier than any guy would do even if the doctor told him the stork had just knocked three times on the same visit. 'I'd do anything for her, an', what's more, she's as good as promised me that she'll marry me as soon as she's led in one more winner.'

"It's no good arguing with a guy when he's gone loco that way. I told him to give me time to think it over, and pretty soon I go for a walk and fetch up at Desperate's headquarters. He was sitting there peaceful in his 'salon' playing poker with four of his gorillas. But they all knew me, and after a while he breaks off and says, 'Speak up, Terry! What's on your mind?'

"Well, I explained that I was steering Jumbo and I took no notice when he butts in with, 'Steering or *shearing*, Terry?' No, I went right on with my spiel and asked him to give me the low-down on this race, seeing that the boy was so deep sunk in love he was liable to upset any 'fix.'

"'Listen, Terry,' says Desperate at last, 'you don't have to bother about this race. It's on the level. I'm not betting and Finkelstein's not betting and none of the boys is risking so much as a quarter on it. Jumbo can go in and win or go in and lose just as he likes. Apart from taking our horses out of it, this ain't a race *worth* fixing. Finkelstein and me and all the boys are here bettin' on sumpin' else. All the dough I've got says that this here Fabia Jenkins will marry Jumbo inside a month. Finkelstein's money speaks the other way. It's a sporting bet. I wouldn't swing the odds even if I could. I just happen to know that the blonde baby is due to hoist the orange blossom the day Jumbo gets Palomides' nose first past the judge.'

Believe me, I thinks this over on the way back and finally, when I meet Jumbo again, I tell him everything's all set.

"'Only thing I want to know,' says I, 'is which matters most to your Miss Fabia: winning the race, or winning the dough?'

"'Dough wouldn't tempt her, not for herself,' says he, 'but this time, seeing the way her dad is caught short, I guess nothing *really* matters but the twenty grand.'

"I had the answer to that one all ready. 'Fine and dandy!' I comes back at him, 'What about your backing Fervent Lady for all you've got and riding clever so that Palomides won't win?'

"Jumbo shook like a scared rabbit at that, but the idea sunk in just the same. 'It could be done,' he whispered. 'It could be done. I've got five or six thousand bucks myself and you should get four to one at least, Fervent Lady. It's certainly an idea. You make my bet for me, Terry, and I'll guarantee to lose.'

"Now, as tips go, what could be fairer than a tip straight from the jockey's mouth? For that matter it seemed to me that I might get anything up to six to one for Jumbo's money and with him only wanting 'fours' there would be a kind of margin for Terry O'Sullivan. Furthermore, I reckoned the wedding bells was a cinch if Jumbo could find twenty grand for Fabia's old man and so I felt I could lay odds on the wedding with some of Finkelstein's boys.

"So it was all fixed that way. Sure enough, on the day of the race Palomides opened red hot favourite in a field of five. Fervent Lady carried most of the other money and she was a five to one chance even at that. I put five grand on her nose at fives and went back to Jumbo to let him know I had invested his stake at an average of fours.

"Fabia was on the course all right pacing up and down the grandstand like a tigress robbed of her young. But she didn't know, and I didn t know then what Bennie Peters said to Jumbo when they were weighing out.

"I learnt about it afterwards.

"'Hullo, you mean little imitation of a skeleton.' says Bennie affable like. 'Think you're going to win to-day do you? Well, let me tell you, I'd be afraid of your lousy old has-been if there was a horseman in the saddle. As it is, I reckon Fervent Lady can show Palomides the way home right from the gate and doddle in even then!'

"Jumbo chokes pretty freely at that and says a lot ot words you can't find in the hymnbook, ancient *or* modern. But he remembers that I'm putting five thousand dollars of his money on Bennie's mount and stops cussing just before they come to blows.

"Meanwhile, acting on the straightest tip that ever came out of the jockey's mouth, I take all the odds there are from sixes to nines to two against Fervent Lady and I took a level two thousand with one of Finkelstein's gorillas that Jumbo hitches up with the lady inside the month.

"They weigh out and they saddle and I see Palomides is right on his toes, whicb are well covered with easy mud. I goes down to the rails near the judge's box and I settle down there to watch my jock and his old horse do their stuff and finish a creditable second as per programme.

"They're off! And Palomides lops into an easy lead with Fervent Lady pulling out pretty soon from the rest of the field to lie two lengths behind him. And I breathe easy,' cos it looks like a cinch.

"Entering the straight the positions are unchanged, but even from where I am I can see Benny Peters leaning out of his saddle and passing the buck to Jumbo.

"'You lousy four-flusher,' he shouts, though I can't hear him, 'you think you've got this race in your pocket, don't you? An' so you would have if you knew how to ride. But you *can't* ride, Jumbo. You can win sometimes on a good 'un when I'm on a dud. But, when it comes to a straight finisb, I've got you cold. Mud in your eye, Jumbo! I'm going through!'

"'Twas just what Jumbo wanted, but he couldn't see it. His pride was touched, me boy, and he clean forgot about losing! The 'fix' didn't matter any more and even Fabia drifted right out in the market.

"'Think I can't beat *you*!' he shouts, coming up with Bennie. 'Why, you flabby imitation of a flat fish, I could ride you and any stiff you ever straddled clean into the morgue. *Git outta my way, blast you, I'm in a hurry.*'

"Saying that, Jumbo passes Bennie on the post and wins the race, and all his beautiful money—and mine—goes west!

"And that," said Terry O'Sullivan, raising his empty glass on high and setting it down with a disparaging shake of the head, "shows you what comes of vanity and that there ain't any certainty in racing."

I called the marker for the last time and gave the final orders.

"You haven't told me," said I, reproachfully, "whether Jumbo got his girl, or whether he didn't."

"True for you," said Terry, pausing to drink deeply. "He should have lost her with such foolishness, but there's a kind of providince that protects the innocint. This big Fabia blonde come up to him after the race and she says: 'Dickie, *darling*! There was a guy named Finkelstein told me you was double-crossing me and meant to let Fervent Lady win. But I didn't believe him, darling. In fact, I pasted him a real wallop on the snitch and doubled my bet on Palomides. An' I'm ready to do the matrimonial glide with you, Jumbo, sweetheart, any time you give me the word.'

"'An' what about your old man?' asks Jumbo faintly, crossing himself in case his ears had gone funny on him.

"'Oh, dad!' says Fabia, snorting like a small typhoon. 'You don't need to worry about dad, cos I'm the girl who lent him all the dough he's borrowed on these horses!'

"And, believe me," concluded Terry O'Sullivan bitterly, "first thing that happened after they got spliced, this here Mrs. Fabia Jumbo gave me the sack!"

"She was big, brawny, red-haired, and a do-or-die expression sat in each of her eyes."

Jack *in the* Tub

SHORT SHORT STORY *by* C. Hedley Barker

YOU could tell by the vacant, half-daft look in his swivelling eye that he was more than a bit of a Simple Simon. Ten-a-penny they had called him up in Yorkshire, and he was no less half-baked down in Kent. Certainly, if appearance was any warrant, he could give points and a beating in sheer imbecility to any village idiot. If appearance was any warrant. . . .

He had wandered on to the fair-ground at the fall of dusk, just as the naphthas flared, and the undressed nymphs on the steam organ of the roundabouts lit their torches. The acrid smell of paraffin,the sweet odour of turf and coconuts,the titillating savour of hot peas and chestnuts and roast potatoes: these olfactory appeals, together with the sounding brass of bells and the blare of music brought a pleased smile to his face, and a quicker beat to his heart. He was no stranger to fair-grounds; he had been in and out of the fair business for years, on and off.

He wandered round, beset by memories, wistful for old times, homesick for a ten-by-five mansion on wheels. And, presently, he bent his professional eye on his own act; the particular act which he had worked from his kid-days up—Jack-in-the-tub, three shies for a bob, and a five-shilling prize every time you hit him.

The bobbing head in the tub quickened his interest. Here was the one thing which he could appraise with the eye of an expert. The man in the tub was old, and there was no life in him. There was no quick snap to his getaway as the shaven head of him bobbed above the rim of his prison.

Tommy Deans knew pity. Jack-in-the-tub was a job of art, and this fellow hadn't got the A B C of the thing. Maybe, too, his legs weren't limber. A fellow had to be pretty supple and pretty fit to do knees bend in a tub for hours at a stretch. Killing, it was.

Business was brisk. A jostling crowd competed for the odds of five to one. The man in the tub had been hit once or twice. The hardwood balls were heavy, and chipped, and they left a wound as well as a lump.

Just as Tommy Deans edged his way to the front, the man was hit again. The proprietor, a fat, flashy bully, swore under his breath as another five shillings went to reward success. But, this time, the shaven head was laid properly low. When they got the man out of his tub he was groaning and holding his stomach.

One man's appendicitis is another man's good fortune. The crowd melted until there was only Tommy Deans and the Big Shot left. The Big Shot, glowering, was about to douse the naphthas. Jack-in-the-tub was now Jack in a hospital bed, and he was none too pleased with the prospect ahead. At this juncture he caught sight of that face, with all its implications of ten-a-pennyness, and paused in contempt.

"Lorst anythink?" he demanded.

"No, sir," said Tommy, timid.

"Push orf, then,"

"I can do that," came back Tommy, with profound conviction, jerking a nervous thumb towards the tub. He said further that he had worked the act all over the country; and that with him it wasn't just a matter of bobbing his head. He could remain visible for seconds at a time, and dodge the balls as they came at him with inches to spare.

"The quickness of the eye deceives the ball," he said, surprisingly. "I have never been hit, *never*, mister."

The Big Shot gave him a sharp look at this. Could it be true? He foresaw the beginnings of a fortune. A quick calculation told him that on an average he had five hundred customers a day. Suppose the prize offered were, say, five pounds. With that tempting bait he could charge sixpence a shy. And, this half-baked son of an idiot father had never been hit. . . .

"'Ere," he said. "Jump into that tub."

Tommy slept in a tent that night; a poor thing of a tent which let in the wind and the rain. Most of the night he lay awake, thinking of the fat wad of pound notes in the Big Shot's pocket, and of the insult of fifteen bob a week, all found.

"I got a wife, mister," he had pointed out, "up in Birmingham. Fifteen bob a week——"

"Fifteen bob a week," put in the other, "and three meals a day, is better than walking the roads. Fifteen bob a week and blankets is better than sleeping rough."

"And I've never been hit," said Tommy, further.

"Never will be. Nobody can't hit Tommy Deans."

"You better not be hit, either," advised the other, darkly. "I'll tan the hide off you if you let me down."

Next day the Big Shot skewered eight pound notes to his awning post, and lifted up his voice.

"Hi-yi-i-i-i, ladees and gentermen! Jack-in-the-tub, Jack-in-the-tub! Eight pounds, ladees and gentermen: eight Bank of England pounds in sterling cash money for the lucky lad who hits him on the top-knob. Sixpence a ball only, six dirty coppers for eight of the best. Walk up, walk up, walk up for the easiest money under the canopy of heaven!"

Tommy really was a masterpiece. With a fixed, sub-human grin on his face, he jerked his head this way and that. He bobbed up, bobbed down, feinting and dodging, missing the flying balls by less than a hair's breadth. He was incredible. The crowd grew.

Tommy wrote to his wife that week-end; at least, he essayed what passed for writing. He sent her ten shillings. The fair moved on to another town, and another. The Big Shot waxed fatter and fatter, sported a diamond pin in his scarf, puffed a magnificent cigar.

The unheard of figure of twenty pounds was now the daily offer, and acquisitive men with hard faces and strong arms fairly fought each other for three, six, and a dozen shies at that crazily bobbing head. Women, too, took off their coats, and concentrated with deadly earnestness on the wizard in the barrel.

But Tommy Deans had never been hit, never could be, never would be.

He rose in the mornings without hope, and retired to what was called his bed without expectation. Jack-in-the-tub for ever and ever, Amen. The Big Shot had conceded him an extra five shillings a week, with the intimation that this was absolutely final. True, he fed him well, but only for the reason that a man feeds the horse that has to stand up to arduous labour.

In Tommy Deans he had a gem, and he knew it, and should the gem show any disposition to move to another setting, well, he'd know the reason why. He had threatened Tommy with dire physical penalties.

"Run away," was his threat, "and I'll make you so that wife of yours won't know you."

"I shan't run away," returned Tommy, sadly. "But, you ought to remember, mister, I never been hit."

And then Nottingham Goose Fair came along. The Nottingham folk spend royally at their annual feast, and all the fair-folks were looking forward to cleaning up handsome sums.

It was Tommy who suggested that the prize, to mark this great occasion, should be a hundred pounds and the Big Shot thought that a hundred pounds should carry a fee of a shilling per shy. He got one hundred clean, new pound notes from the bank for the occasion, and nailed them to the awning-post. Well did he know that he was safe,with Tommy in the tub.

The naphthas hissed, organs competed noisily one against the other, bells clanged brassily, and the Big Shot lifted up his voice. The shillings began to roll in. At last a woman who had fought for an hour to penetrate the crowd, panted up to the rail, and paid her shilling. She was big, brawny, red-haired, and a do-or-die expression sat in each of her eyes.

Tommy dodged up, cocked a snook daringly, and then——

Crack!

The ball connected squarely with his hard skull. The crowd sent up a delighted yell. There was nothing for the Big Shot but to pay up and look pleasant, and pay up he did. A black thunder cloud gathered on his brow, as he bent an eye towards his serf.

But, the serf was out of his tub, ambling delightedly to the woman with red hair.

"Come on, Tommy," she said. "You ain't going to work for the likes of him another minute. We'll set up on our own and keep the money in the family."

And, Tommy—ten-a-penny Tommy—walked away with his wife.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"I don't know who he is, but he keeps saying he's homesick."

"I can surely show my wife round the ship in my own car, captain."

"Drat that dog! He's burying another bone in the window box."

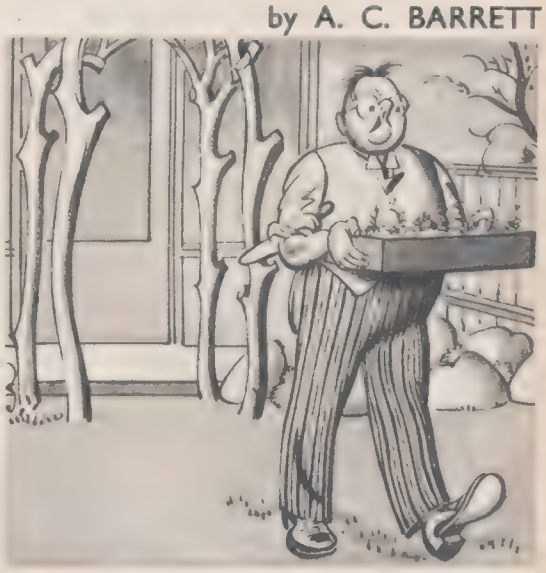
"What, no radio-equipped camels!"

"My husband misses his sport since we've come to live in town."

"The Browns are having a spot of lunch over there and they want us to join them, dear."

A MAN AND A HELPING HAND

by A. C. BARRETT

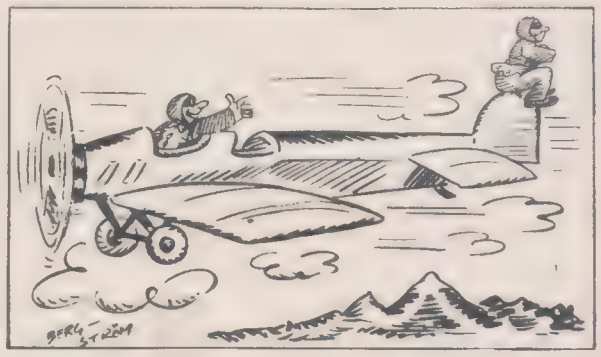


"He's gone hoarse again."

"Gosh ! I forgot to freeze the rink."

"I hadn't the heart to disturb them, sir."

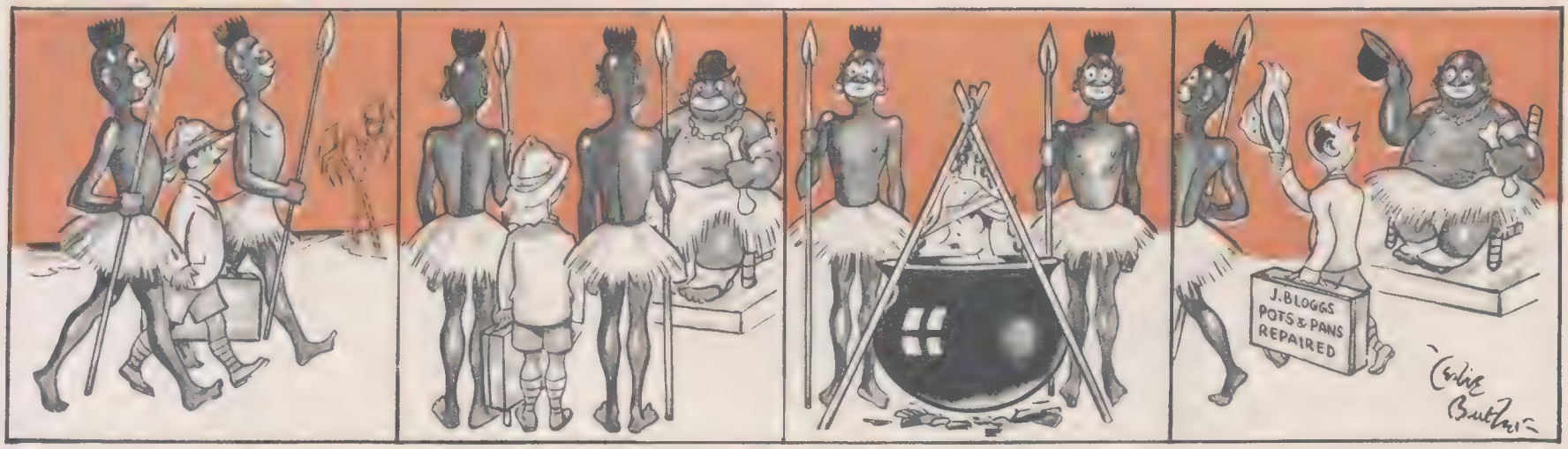
LAUGH WITH THE WORLD



"Are you still angry with me ?"
Söndagsnisse Strix, Stockholm.

The timid man who fell in love with the sales girl of a lamp store.
Das Illustrierte Blatt, Frankfurt.

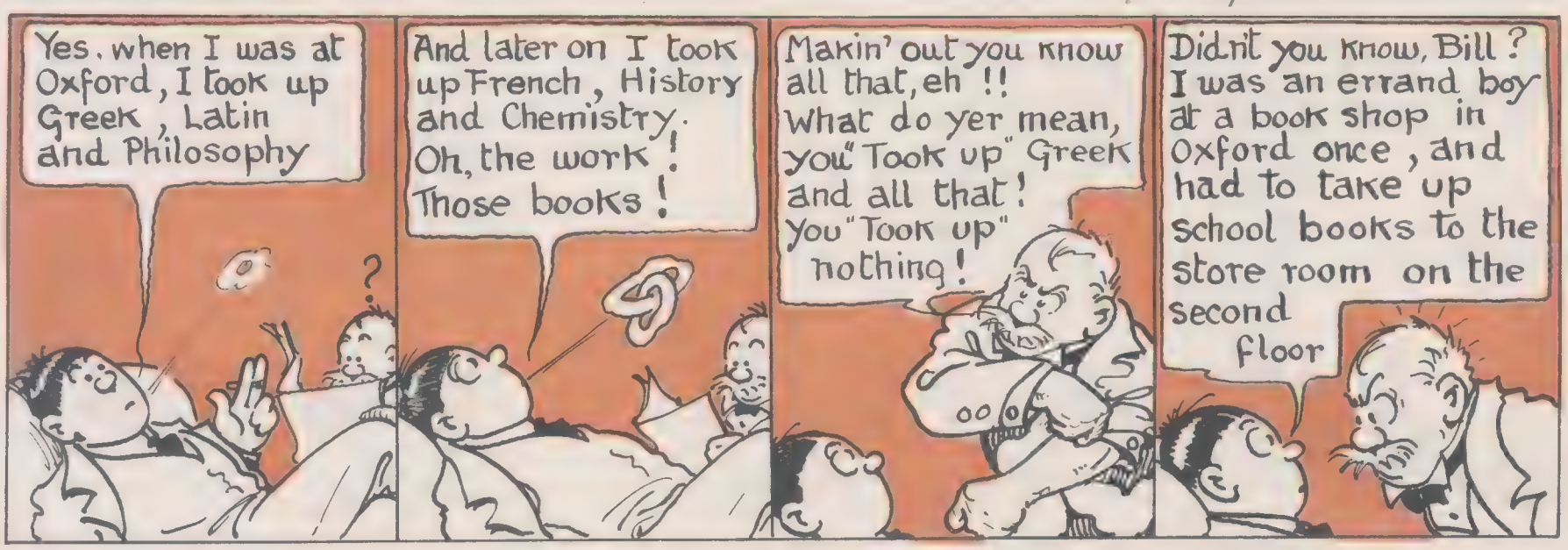
"This meat is mighty tough lately."
"Oh, I forgot to tell you, dear. Mary has broken it off with the butcher."
Sydney Bulletin.



"It's Father's memory wot's making me sad"
Said my poor little friend Billy King.
"Why does he forget things terribly bad?"
"He remembers each small little thing!"

"I just went on ploughin' sir—I didn't notice your fence were down."

OLD BILL and BERT — By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE MOISTURE RUINS A CIGARETTE.

KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS★ ARE MOISTURE CONTROLLED RIGHT UP TO THE TIME OF YOUR PURCHASE

Miss Compton made this MOISTURE CONTROL Test—

HERE IT IS—YOU TRY HER DRASTIC TEST!—

1. Miss Compton put an inch of water in a flat-bottomed dish.
2. She placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. She did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.
3. After five minutes, she lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).

RESULT: On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were in perfect smoking condition.

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Dust "I HEAR SHE'S GOING TO SPRING-CLEAN"

Fluff "SHE'LL NEVER GET US"

Grit "I HOPE SHE HASN'T HEARD OF THIS

HOOVER *for 10/- down*"

Dust and dirt dread the Hoover even more than you dread spring-cleaning. That's why it's such a wonderful ally. Dust, Fluff and Grit cannot hide from it even underneath the thickest pile. No need to take up your carpets—moving heavy furniture, disarranging your rooms. With a few effortless glides a Hoover beats carpets on a cushion of air, electrically sweeps and cleans them—better than any other method you could use. The heaviest and most unpleasant part of your spring-cleaning finished in one clean sweep!

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POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

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Please send me without obligation your booklet on the Hoover cleaners.

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Back *to* *Civilisation*

READ THIS FIRST

JERRY HARDY, mining graduate, arrives at an old home near Toronto in answer to an advertisement calling for a young man who has nothing to lose but his life. Here Cyrus Merton, crippled mining engineer, relates his story.

While on a prospecting expedition in the British Columbia mountains with his daughter, Janis, and with Hodge, an old-timer, and Williams, a pilot, they settle at a lake near a peculiar-shaped mountain peak where Hodge has built two cabins. Hodge falls ill and Janis remains behind to nurse him, while Merton and Williams go prospecting and make a second camp. On their third night there they see in the distance a strangely shaped flame rise briefly from the face of the distant arrow-shaped peak. It appears curiously in conjunction with the rising moon. This sight worries them, causing them to fly back next afternoon to find their cabins and all possessions disappeared. Search reveals the body of Hodge with his head pulled off, evidently by something with appalling strength. There is no sign of Janis.

Jerry accepts the job of locating Janis, and he and Louis Warner, a pilot friend of Merton, set off in a specially designed 'plane and land on a plateau near the peak.

Leaving Louis on guard, Jerry finds a great cave in which he sees about 300 hairy giants engaged in a queer ceremony before a gold quartz altar, on which is bound a woman whom he believes to be Janis. He shoots the two leaders as they are about to light a sacrificial fire, and draws the whole band in pursuit of him.

They follow him to the 'plane, but Louis flies him back to the peak. Jerry makes a parachute landing, climbs to the altar and releases Janis. They attempt to escape, taking the valuable gold quartz with them.

NOW READ ON

CLOSE to the opening they rested, seated upon the floor of the cave to catch the warmth of the strengthening sun. For the first time Jerry realised how weary he was. He glanced at his watch. Half an hour before Louis would begin signalling.

Beyond the plateau below them the mountain fell away in a long gradual decline, marked here and there by large patches swept smooth by snowslides in the past, and now green with grass and buds, precious feeding ground for bear and goat. The region from out of which the mountain lifted stretched away to the north and west, growing more wooded and gradually lessening in altitude as it neared the shores of Harrison Lake. The fairly level plain which they looked over, fifteen hundred feet beneath them, was dotted by patches of fir and balsam, little lakes and stretches of open ground, almost prairie-like where vigorous bunch grass flourished through the short season.

From behind a line of trees perhaps a little over a quarter of a mile distant, there came to their ears the sound of a shot carrying far in the stillness of this altitude.

"As prompt as an alarm clock." Jerry glanced at his watch.

He rose and climbed out upon the ladder. It swung and swayed against the cliff face, sending queer little tremors running through him. Reaching the ledge, he held the foot of the ladder, bracing his body to make it steadier for her.

With relief she stood beside him.

A little apart they began the descent of the rock face leading to the plateau some two hundred feet below. Clinging tightly to every projection and cranny, testing every niche, spur and fissure with one cautiously advanced foot, one foot and hands always on safety, they went with infinite care down that slope of hanging danger to where the beginning of the plateau offered its welcoming break.

As Jerry continued along the plateau, he saw it was even more perfect as a landing for the plane than his previous judgment had granted. From the plateau's edge was a straight drop of a thousand feet. But the plateau, widening, fairly level, sloping slightly toward the mountain, ran its sixteen miles of length without offering a single obstruction to the landing wheels, and connected with the main shoulder, which, in restful contrast to the precipice beneath the plateau, presented long folds of kindly slopes easy of ascending.

An hour of downward going, during which Jerry fired the last shots in his automatic in answer to Louis' second signal, brought them to the plane.

As they skirted the long clump of the evergreens, Louis rose from a little fire and came running toward them.

"Janis, how wonderful to see you!"

Yet, as the two shook hands, Jerry sensed an air of constraint strange between two people who had grown up on neighbouring estates, and known each other since childhood, one of whom was now coming back as from the dead.

Seated under the now hot rays of the July sun, Janis with exceeding brevity told Louis of her stay among the hairy men. Then Jerry described the altar of the moon, and outlined his plan for the carrying away of this treasure accumulated through countless centuries by the searching of these creatures unconscious of such a thing as gold.

As he talked he watched grow in Louis' cold blue eyes a gleaming rapture. Finishing, he remarked abruptly.

"But all that is for later. Let's get going on our way back to Harrison. Janis is dying to see her father, and he will be in a bad state of mind till we return, remembering all the things he does."

Louis' face clouded.

"It's early yet. Wouldn't it kind of cap the climax of this whole thing if we took back our first load to-day?"

As if fearing opposition, he hastened to minimise the loss of time.

"With a landing possible on the plateau, it only means a few hours, and I'm keen to see the cave."

About to protest angrily, Jerry was astonished by Janis voicing immediate agreement.

"I'm sure father will be thrilled by our bringing a load."

Jerry looked at her sharply, puzzled, for to him there was some odd undercurrent in her expression, despite her words carried an apparent sincerity of

Concluding

THE ALTAR *of* THE MOON

by

Francis Dickie

"It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea."

agreement. He sought her eyes, glimpsed fleetingly a mocking light, then she looked away, deliberately avoiding his following seeking glance.

Jerry ran his hand through his hair, his old gesture of bewilderment, and then glanced at his watch.

"It's eight o'clock," resignedly. "If we are going to take a load, that means hard work, for if you think going up and down that rock face isn't and then another sixty feet of ladder, you got another think coming. I'd much rather sleep."

Louis nodded agreement. "Good idea. I'm not asking you two to come. You've done plenty. You and Janis rest here till noon. While you're at it, I'll fly and make a landing. If it's a bit tricky, one can't know it too well. I'll climb up and see the altar and throw down enough quartz for a load. I don't know how long it will take, but I'm pretty sure not to be more than four hours, if that. Then I'll fly back here and pick you up, and we'll be in Harrison a little after one o'clock."

Angry at what appeared to him such utter callousness for the feelings of Merton, and still more amazed at Janis, Jerry got his coat from the plane. Making a pillow of this he lay down in the sunshine. After the chill of the cave he craved those warming rays. He was fast asleep before Louis was half way to the plateau.

Sweating in the hot sun, Jerry slept the sleep of the nearly exhausted. Yet it was uneasy slumber, filled with wild dreaming. He re-lived the happenings of the previous night, but in a weirdly exaggerated and trebly fantastic atmosphere. The hairy men were taller than telegraph poles. They chased him over mountain peaks and valleys of terrible bareness, littered with the naked bodies of men with their heads pulled off.

In this nightmare world Jerry ran for a seemingly endless time, with the hairy men always drawing closer on his fleeing heels. Their yells grew louder. Abruptly they changed in tone. Upon his ears beat an entirely different sound, a long chanting full of mysterious ecstasy, triumphant, joyous, the hymn of a whole people uniting in praise and thanksgiving.

With a lurch Jerry's head slid off his doubled-up coat. His eyelids, dripping sweat, opened. His still dazed vision saw what he could not believe. With a thrust of his left hand he swung himself to a sitting position to gaze with still uncomprehending sight upon a scene which assured him he must still be dreaming.

A dozen yards away in front of a tall balsam where Janis had been sleeping, he saw Janis now standing surrounded by what must be most of the hairy people. They were kneeling before her. Their bodies from the hips bent and rose in a series of long slow bows, their foreheads each time touching the earth. As they moved, they chanted some strange song. Though the words meant nothing to him he could not misunderstand they sang for joy.

Astounded, wonder and fear robbing him of initiative, Jerry, alone, ignored, sat unmoving, shirtless there in his heavy woollen underwear for perhaps half a minute before his ears noted a still more vital sound.

The plane, flying low, was coming.

The chanting ceased abruptly.

Full length upon the ground the tribesmen threw themselves, faces touching. As they did so, Janis ran the intervening distance to his side.

"Up, Jerry!" She seized him by the hand. "I don't yet grasp more than half of it," she continued breathless with excitement, "but from what I can make out something has happened to make me a goddess. Goodness knows what. But we're safe, Jerry. For the present at least. I'm certain of that, for in their song of thanksgiving, from which I got some idea of it all, though not the reason, you also are a sacred one."

"Holy mackerel, a god in heavy combinations!"

As he spoke, the hairy men sprang up. The whole tribe swarmed in a close circle, dancing around the two as they now stood hand in hand very gravely before them, just as the plane came over them. The machine circled sharply, twice swooping perilously low overhead, to suddenly swing wide, and began rapidly making elevation as it sped northward.

Its zooming grew softer upon the air. The machine dwindled until it seemed no more than a prodigious darning needle against the sky. And all the while the shaggy people with grotesque contortions of their mighty bodies swayed and swung in ponderous dance about their new deities.

But the gaze of their gods was no longer upon them. From the disappearing plane Jerry turned his eyes to Janis, and his thoughts were bitter.

"I know what you're thinking: If I hadn't consented to Louis' rotten suggestion, we wouldn't be in this mess!"

Bleakly he met her look.

"It isn't so much that I'm thinking; just wondering *why* you did it."

"It's a long story, too long for just now when we've got to get busy being gods."

"Yes, if we can only hold them around here till Louis returns with help." Though he spoke hopefully, his tone lacked conviction in the feasibility of rescue.

She gave him so pitying a look, he was startled, needing a moment of comprehension, for Jerry had a weakness for thinking the best of his fellow men, even in face of previous evidence.

"You don't mean you think he has deliberately deserted us!"

"What else? Just when he came near enough to get a clear view, these animals were doing a howling dance around us. Didn't he circle twice to get a good eyeful? And, from what's happened in the past to others, what nearly happened last night, what else did this mob around us mean to him but that we'd be torn to pieces in a few minutes?"

"It's even more certain, Jerry, if you'll just recall also that he knew from his own experience last night, and from what I told him of my days spent in the plane, that the wild men won't touch a machine nor come very near it! He knew he could have landed beside us and been perfectly safe, and at least made a try to help us without being in the slightest danger. He didn't want to save us. No, Jerry, I had few illusions about Louis long before last night. Last night only confirmed my opinion.

"You tried to cover him up nicely about the cave incident. But I'm not stupid. You came alone into the cave! Don't think for a minute, however, that I would have consented to his going to the cave just now if I had ever thought of the wild men coming around the mountain when they heard the plane. Naturally, they came on our fresh trail and, with noses like wolves, it was no time till they found us. When Louis suggested getting a load, though I was counting every minute till we got started, still I agreed with him, because I wanted to have something to point out to father, something definite and grave to prove what Louis is at heart.

"Father has always liked Louis, always stood up for him. When Louis and I quarrelled in the past, father either gave him the benefit of the doubt or felt I was to blame. Deep in father's heart I think he hoped some day we would marry. The wild men arriving was a piece of good luck of which Louis had never dreamed. And you see how he took it! Louis will never give us another thought unless to drop down here later and see if our bones are scattered about." She spoke loudly above the din as the howling dance continued.

"But what will he tell your father when he comes back without me? What's he got to gain?"

"What's he got to gain! Oh, Oh, Jerry! . . . The altar of the moon all for himself. You don't think for a

(*Continued on page 24*)

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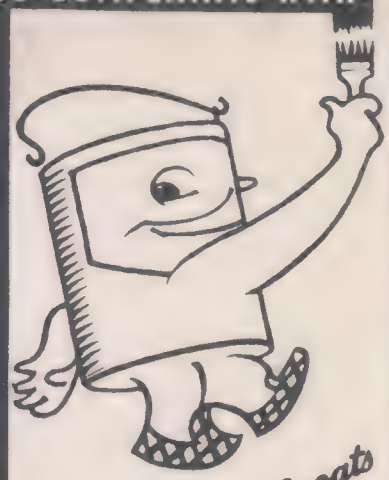

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Continuing Back *to* Civilisation

minute he'll let father know anything of that, of his load. Louis, now he's sure we're torn to pieces, will return one of these days, and that pretty quick, I'll bet, and carry away the rest of the quartz. What he'll tell father is hard to say exactly. Perhaps that you fell down a crevasse and were killed where he couldn't recover the body.

"Father, with no encouragement of finding me, and with this fresh disaster he supposed his fault for continuing the search, will undoubtedly go east at once. Louis will arrange somehow to stick around. Knowing him as I do I'm sure he won't be long before flying back."

The hairy men, becoming aware of their gods' conversation, ceased abruptly, stood silently at attention.

Turning her big blue eyes upon them, Janis drew herself up with a prideful gesture. Clad in the heavy sweater coat, the khaki trousers much too large for her, turned up with a double cuff around the ankles, the heels of the thick grey woollen stockings reaching high up her leg, she was a figure so magnificently grotesque as fittingly to impress the shaggy people.

Very slowly she began her address. As the queer gutturals, scarcely seeming to be words, came from her lips, the hush deepened.

When she finished she turned and made the faintest little inclination of the head toward Jerry, such a nod as gods give to gods, a royal gesture of presentation. To Jerry, very low: "Say something. Talk a lot, very grandly."

Janis remained with head held a little to one side, an attitude of royal waiting, eyes staring off into the blue with gaze appropriate to one supernatural being about to listen to another.

An agonized fraction of time Jerry stood, eyes roving over the hundreds of brutish faces from out of which little orbs gleamed the expectancy of weird creatures, yet who mentally approached a little toward the scale of men. Desperately Jerry delved in his mind for words, frantic like a man unaccustomed to public speaking when unexpectedly called upon at a banquet. Then a sudden inspiration. He flung out his right arm dramatically:

"It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company." . . . . .

With tremendous gusto he gave the famous poem, rolling out the words in accents far more wild and stormy than upon that far away day of his childhood when he had stood up before his classmates at the annual concert where every pupil had to play a part. Not until this moment of tremendous necessity had he even known he remembered those lines, once so painfully committed to memory by devoting much grudged boyish time taken from play.

A buzz of what he realised was approbation greeted him. As the applause ceased, Janis touched him upon the shoulder.

"We lead the way back to the other side. As we go, I'll explain."

Together they swung into step.

"I had to be very vague in what I said, not knowing exactly what it's all about. And we have to watch our step. I saw Vesus in the crowd, gazing at me with loving eyes. She's our great hope. As she has been living with me before, it will be quite the correct thing for me now to demand her again as my handmaiden. A talk with her will probably help to make everything clear, or enough so I can fill in the blanks."

"But what did you tell them? All that glub gurr . . . whoosh . . . waw . . . waw. You sure are a wow at this hairy man lingo."

"I told them it was not time yet for us to return to the summer camp; that the Thunder Bird was coming again from the moon; that it would light upon this plateau, and you and I would speak many words with the Thunder Bird, but that we must be alone. Knowing they only bring a little provisions, for usually they are here not more than three or four days, I have commanded all but two to return to the summer camp to-morrow. Immediately the band arrives two of the swiftest young men will start back with provisions for us.

"I told them we must wait many days. We will spend to-night at the temporary camp they have not far from the ledge. Then, with the two I select, one of whom will be Vesus, we will come back to-morrow and locate a spot near the plateau, a well concealed one so that we can see without being spotted. Then it's just a case of wait till Louis returns, and the rest is on the knees of other gods and what we do ourselves."

On the sloping side of the long easy ascent which marked the lower part of the mountain's approach to the peak, the hairy men had their temporary camp, if such name could be given to a stopping place of people who used fire very seldom, and slept with the same ease as animals, seeking shelter only against prolonged stormy weather.

A large number of cedar bags filled with dried fish, bear and goat meat was the only thing marking the camp site.

Seated a little apart, Jerry and Janis were served their portion. When they had finished, Janis, with imperious gesture and commanding tone to the girl who had brought their rations, requested the presence of Vesus.

Hardly had she spoken when Vesus stepped to her side, slim, lithe, beautifully proportioned in her own gigantic way.

Jerry, gazing up at the girl towering a good five feet above him as he sat there on the turf, was pleasantly moved for the first time since looking upon these shaggy people. Her jaw was less protruding, her eyes wider-set and larger than most of the others. There was no trace of hair upon her face. Her bronze skin was pleasant to the sight. Her long black hair, held back by a band of cedar bark, somehow gave her an air of distinction not possessed by the others. Vesus was indeed a *sport* among these creatures of the early world, the first advance toward a higher type probably in countless years.

Janis and she, seated close, talked for a long time in low voices. When Vesus had gone, dusk had settled.

"There's a girl for you!" Janis' eyes followed the tall figure with warmth. "She's miles away more intelligent than any of the others. I'm certain, though she won't admit it to me, that she doesn't fully believe all the superstitions of the others. She is the first sceptic; probably the only advanced thinker the hairy men have ever had. But she's fond of me, which makes everything all right.

"Anyway, from what she has just told me, there has always existed a vague belief among them, the story of which handed down for endless generations, that some day the moon would refuse a sacrifice, at which time the Thunder Bird would appear. Then there would be strange happenings. The Thunder Bird, after showing itself on a number of occasions, would finally carry off the altar of the moon. But the sacrifice thus refused at this time by the moon would remain to live forever among the shaggy people in company with a male god which the Thunder Bird would bring from the moon.

"The sacrifice, as you know, was always a woman. And this sacrifice refused by the moon was a sign that that sacrifice had become a goddess. And this goddess, with the companion brought by the Thunder Bird, would marry. As long as the two were carefully treated, obeyed, and looked after tenderly by the hairy people, the moon's aid would continue to be granted to them, assuring them good hunting and health.

"Don't you see what an awful lot this means to them. It's not merely the good hunting and health, but something far more important, tremendously important in their lives—it means no more weary days and weeks continual tramping through the mountains, year after year, without end, of seeking for this gold quartz, no more long toilsome journeys to the cave burdened with loads of firewood and quartz. And no more toll of sacrifice from the tribe. Freed of this need of gold, a better life opens out for them.

"Now they no longer need to hunt for it, to store it, to be never through with the search, the long yearly tramp can end. They can remain comfortably in their summer camp, have more time to hunt and fish, instead of the futile and useless labour of storing up ever and more gold in the cave.

"Vesus also told me something I hadn't learned before, something which will interest you particularly. It seems that once the quartz is put in the cedar bags it must never touch any object again until laid upon the altar. A few years ago a young man was carrying a bag of it on his back when the sharp quartz cut a hole in the end of the bag. Quite a few of the pieces fell to the ground as he walked along in the darkness, for the tribe was late that year owing to bad weather, and were making a forced march to be in time. Before anyone noticed much of the quartz had fallen to the ground. Of course, as it had touched the ground after once being put in the bag it was according to the taboo impossible to again touch it.

"From this you can the more realise that the last few hours have been wonderful ones to all of them. Relieved of the burden laid upon them by gold, they're crazy with joy. And, luckily for us, their old legend was delightfully vague. Lacking as they did precise details, everything that's happened connected with me now seems to them to be so pat. In the first place, I was different from all previously chosen sacrifices. From what Vesus tells me, even the violent death of the two holy men, all is fitted in with other signs. Dead holy men—no more ceremonies. Logical at that, isn't it? And then the week I lived on the plane is now looked upon as a dwelling in the bowels of the Thunder Bird in communication with the moon goddess. The very fact that I came back from the plane to be a sacrifice, and that sacrifice was refused, all this now piles up tremendous significance."

Jerry ran his fingers through his hair as he dwelt upon the queer chances by which their lives were saved: out of the ordinary things of their modern world these dawn creatures created a whole theogony.

He glanced at his heavy combinations. "It's all right for the moment. But instead of being a god out here on this not so soft mountain side, I'd much rather a spring-filled mattress, clean sheets and blankets."

Presently, as an afterthought, Janis added: "In explaining all I heard from Vesus, I forgot to tell you one thing. Last night after you fired the shot in the cave and the hairy men started in pursuit of you, they acted instinctively as against an enemy. It was only when they came to the plane that they started to think. All last night the whole tribe sat in council, pondering over the meaning of all that had happened and what they should do.

"Then our appearance on the edge of the ledge they took as a sign that everything was all right. They waited around expecting us to descend. Then, when the plane was heard on the opposite side of the peak, they decided that we were descending through the other opening, the fire entrance it was to them. This, too, seemed very significant and appropriate. So immediately they all started hot-footing it to get around the shoulder of the mountain and greet us properly. To find us sleeping, it seems, was even more impressive."

"And now we are Mr. and Mrs. Moonbeam gods, destined to dwell forever sovereign lords of a savage race. That's what happens to an honest young mining engineer like me trying to get along in the world when he meets up with a siren like you, young lady. Well, you made me what I am to-day. And now this little Moonbeam is going to get some sleep."

To most people it would have been weary waiting there concealed in a clump of balsam looking toward the plateau a quarter of a mile away. But time is nothing to hairy men. As for Janis and Jerry it was their first opportunity to get acquainted. And never was there a more perfect setting than here in the very shadow of the peak under the sun of July shining warm through long still days. On the grassy slopes the marmots whistled their joy in living. Cock blue grouse hooted loud in the evening air under a mountain sky of cloudless blue; and even all day continued their mournful

(*Continued on page* 26)

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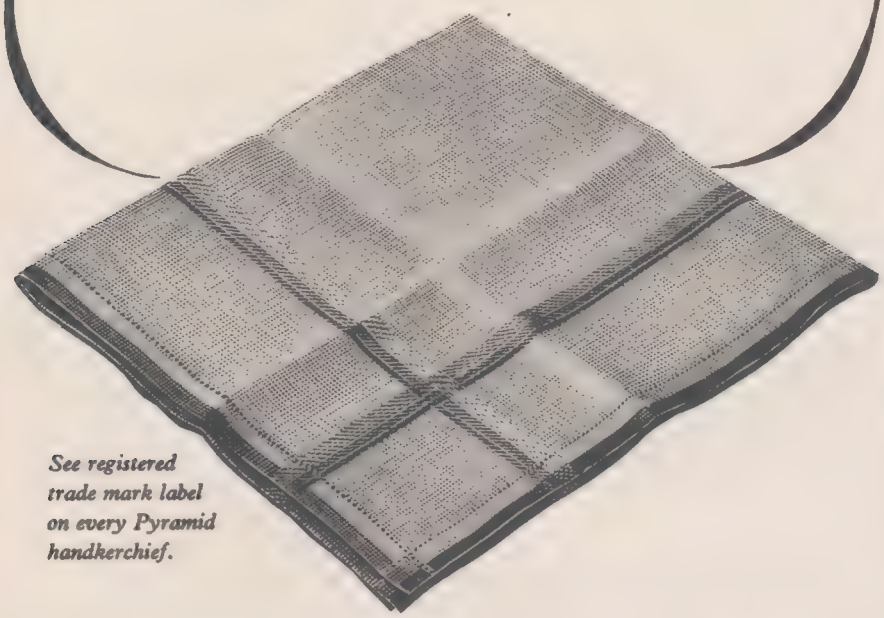

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Continuing Back *to* Civilisation

love calling, though at longer intervals, as if the daylight somehow lessened ardour.

Sitting on the grass, their enormous attendants nearby, strange contrast to their conversation, Janis dwelt upon other times of her motherless childhood and girlhood at Maple Manor where Louis had been so often her only playmate.

"He was always a selfish, cruel little beast. Once we were playing in the living-room and he knocked over an expensive vase. When Norris, the old man you saw, came running, Louis blamed it on me. And once father gave me a puppy, a perfect darling. A few days later Louis rode over on his pony. He was standing with his whip in his hand waiting for Norris to lead the pony away when the puppy came running ahead of me to greet him, oh so joyful, full of trust and believing in everybody. It jumped up on him, and, I'll admit, his paws were grimy. Louis cut it across the face with his whip."

Jerry's eyes flashed. "A kid that would do that is liable to do almost anything later on."

"I think he took pleasure in hurting things, though he's not a coward in many ways. Oh, I could tell you scores of incidents, but why recall ugly things when one can look on such beauty." Her eyes travelled to the farther range, high-flung jagged peaks, snow-clad, gleaming, sharp against the incredible blue of the summer sky.

Yet for all the peace and glory of the setting, for all they had so much to say to each other, there was always upon them that tension born of uncertainty. They slept badly, uneasily, with long wakeful periods followed by heavy slumber.

On the morning of the fifth day when Jerry was awakened from one of these periods of deep slumber by a hoped-for sound, he at first did not believe his ears, for they had not calculated upon so quick a return. The hairy men were already awake and listening. There was no mistaking now that steady muffled booming of a distant high-flying plane coming out of the north-east on the very heels of the dawn.

The increasing sound brought Janis sitting up. Safe from view in the fringe of balsam they saw the plane like a great hawk glide to a magnificent landing upon the plateau. Only one figure alighted from it. They saw him pull something upon his shoulder, and move away. They followed him with their eyes until he disappeared among the broken rock leading from the lower edge of the plateau upward some two hundred feet of strenuous way to where the end of the cedarbark ladder hung a swinging path to the altar of the moon.

In this moment, with freedom theirs for crossing the quarter mile to the plane, Janis and Jerry hesitated. Despite all Louis had done, neither of them, now faced with taking decisive action, could bring themselves to fly away and leave him here to death by starvation, unless perhaps . . . !

The thought of this other possibility struck them both at the same moment, after the queer manner thoughts sometimes do between people. Their eyes met.

"If we were to get into the plane and go, do you think these hairy men would accept Louis in our place and figure it out as only one more puzzling action of the inscrutable gods?" Janis queried.

"Gosh, I was thinking the very same thing! But we just can't do it, Janis. There's no use you trying to put on that hard-boiled air. Besides it's dead certain if we left Louis, when he saw the hairy men coming toward him, he'd start shooting. And I've got rather to like these big boys. They're all right when they're with you. And you certainly don't want Vesus shot."

Janis stood clasping her hands in an agony of indecision.

"You're right. No matter how rotten a man's been, is no reason for us to be. And then, I've known him all my life. That's a hard thing to get away from. I'm afraid," she turned her pain-filled eyes to Jerry, "we're neither of us cold blooded killers. But what in the world shall we do?"

"Well, he's so sure of himself being alone here, we can easily hide among the rocks near the bottom of the ladder. When he comes down call to him you've got him covered. He'll be scared half out of his wits, for one thing. He'll surrender all right. Then, after we take him back to Harrison, we'll let him go. Besides, you've already told these hairy people you have a conference. So, tell them to wait here till we come back."

By the time Janis and Jerry had reached a spot at the beginning of the slope leading to the ladder, Louis had disappeared into the cave. They had moved carefully, and now from their final halting-place they could clearly see the ladder.

Presently they became aware of Louis's activities: pieces of quartz in rapid succession began to fall on the plateau near them. After it ceased, there was a considerable pause.

"What in the world can he be doing now?" Janis voiced her uneasiness at the apparently so unnecessary delay in beginning the descent.

Before Jerry could express an opinion, their upward gaze was at last rewarded by the sight of Louis swinging out upon the ladder.

"The fool!" Jerry gasped at the sight of the fairly well loaded pack sack upon his back. "He's so eager for it, he must even carry an extra load away. Why didn't he throw it all down at once and be done with it, or be satisfied with a load at a time?"

"He's afraid, maybe, for all it's a million chances to one, somebody might come upon it on the ground here while he's away between trips."

"Yes; but to take on that extra pack-sack load—it's so unnecessary."

"Gold has blinded men to many plainly apparent things for a very long time," she replied.

With eyes fixed upon him, they watched him laboriously lower himself from rung to rung, conscious after a few steps that Louis was realising too late his folly in taking this load, a load too heavy, light as it may have seemed upon the level floor of the cave.

Presently a cry burst involuntarily from the onlookers below, a cry that was almost simultaneous with a despairing shriek from above. Out upon the empty air, half turning, with hands still grasping the centre of the parted cedarbark rung of the ladder overworn by years of use, Louis came whirling downward, almost horizontal for a minute by reason of the weight of the pack, then straightened out, head downward in grotesque earthward descent, dreadful of gathering swiftness.

Involuntarily they closed their eyes, as witnesses at a hanging in the second when the drop is sprung.

They covered the crumpled mass, so few moments before vital and full of evil ambitions, and the still clinging weight of gold, under a cairn of carefully piled stones. Even as they turned away, a black vulture soared in the blue, already apparently uncannily aware of this disaster so far below.

Silently they made their way to the plane. When within a few yards of it they saw Vesus drawing near. They came abreast of the plane almost at the same moment. Once more, as had happened a few hours previously, the same thought simultaneously was born in their minds. As their glances met, Jerry suggested: "You'd like to take her with you, wouldn't you?"

"If she'll come."

"It'll be a mighty tight squeeze fitting her in."

Janis turned to Vesus standing there with wondering eyes, in which, for all her trust in them, was a faint light of fear. And Jerry was struck as never before with the comeliness of her face. Dressed in some well planned clothes, she would be far finer than most human beings.

"I saw you coming and hurried to meet you." Her eyes were shining the depths of her devotion to Janis.

Profoundly affected, Janis said: "We must go on a journey, Vesus. I do not want to leave you. Will you come with us? If you do not like it, I will bring you back. For we must return."

The eyes of the giant girl widened with eagerness. Yet, for all her intelligence, her groping for ideas far beyond that of her fellows, she eyed the plane doubtfully.

Janis, aware of the danger of indecision to the primitive mind, took Vesus firmly by the hand, leading her forward and mounted into the plane with guiding assurance.

As Jerry swung into his seat, he paused a moment before giving her the gun.

"Just a minute, young lady, before we start," looking with mock grimness in Janis' eyes.

"You remember that part of the prophecy you told me believed in by the hairy men: how the refused sacrifice was to marry with a mate sent by the moon. Well, don't forget, that prophecy also holds good in civilisation."

She made a little face at him, which, however, he read correctly.

"Gee, and just when my hands have got to be busy running this machine!"

The roaring of the propeller drowned all other sounds. With a forward racing along the so short space of the plateau the plane slid into the air and went loudly zooming toward the world outside that knew nothing of hairy men or the altar of the moon.

THE END

Coming Soon!

STOWAWAY TO MARS

by John Beynon

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Country Cameos—
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Cold Glass

WE learn by experience. A year ago when winter came round I kept the stove alight all through the bad months in the greenhouse and paid a daily visit to study maximum and minimum temperatures. It was a costly job; the stove demanded its ration of coal, coke and attendance, but the thermometer consoled me.

It was, if truth be told, my only consolation. There were some cinerarias and some cyclamen, there were about a hundred pots of strawberries for forcing and one or two things with impossible names and exotic appearance that every self-respecting greenhouse demands. But these were not the only dwellers under glass.

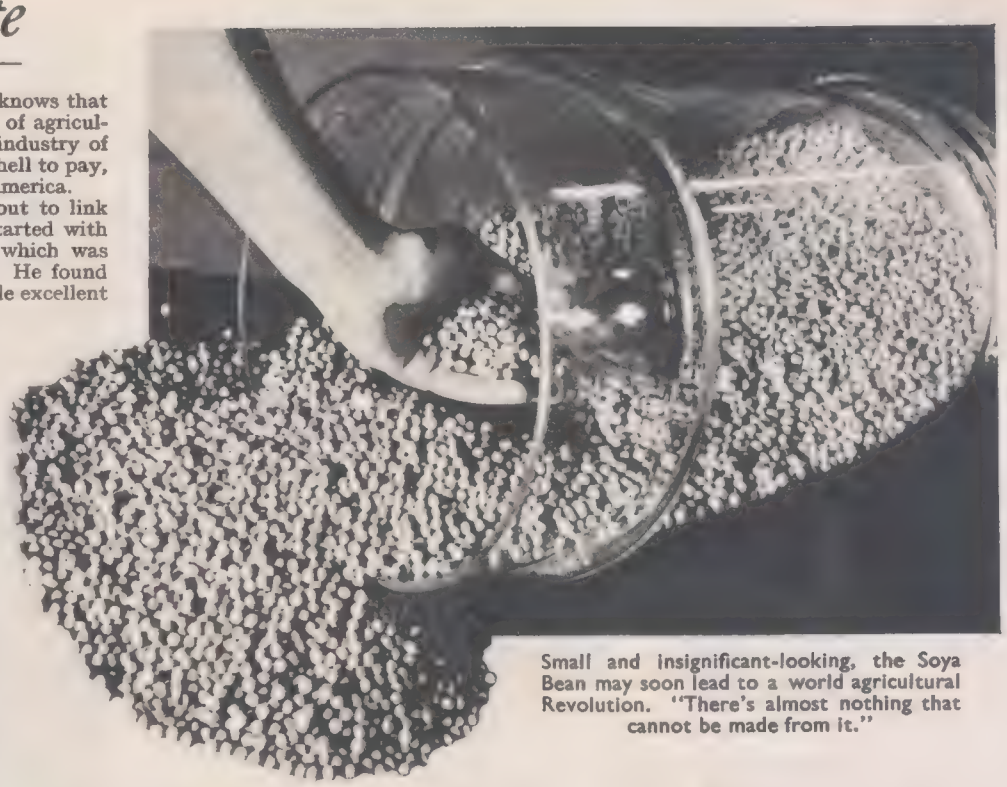
There were small flies, white and green. They liked the warmth. They flourished in a fashion that would put any green bay tree to shame. Cinerarias drooped before their attentions, mock cherries did the same, for my visitors wanted food as well as warmth.

They began to attack the strawberry plants and then a wise man who was working on the place brought some brimstone, set it in the conservatory, lit it, closed the doors and went away without telling the gardener or me what he had done.

He lit his sacrificial fires about five o'clock in the afternoon; on the following morning they were discovered. By that time ninety per cent or more of the plants were dead, only the green and white flies were alive and they died shortly afterwards of starvation; the wise man said he never heard of such a thing; it was my only consolation.

This year we did not start the stove before February, three months of coal, coke and service had been saved and we are at least no worse off than we were last year. I have had no angry gardener to placate, no lame excuses have called for a patient and restrained hearing. I'm prepared to say much that is kind and complimentary about cold greenhouses.

by *A. P. Luscombe Whyte*



Small and insignificant-looking, the Soya Bean may soon lead to a world agricultural Revolution. "There's almost nothing that cannot be made from it."

MAGIC BEAN

THE expert picked up a small bottle of beans. Round, yellow and insignificant they were, and rather like the beastly hard things you feed to chickens.

"I hate being dramatic," he said, "but they *have* been called the 'Beans of Life.' Because, you see, if you have them, you have everything you need to support life, and quite a few luxuries besides."

On the large office table stood an astonishing assortment of objects: a bottle of milk, butter, cheese, flour, a loaf, coffee, salad oil, baby food, sauces and half a dozen vegetarian dishes. "All made from this little bean," said the expert, "and you can't tell the difference. On that other table are the 'luxury' products. Those motor-car steering wheels come from it and the ashtrays and fountain pens. They'll be moulding car bodies and furniture when they get the machinery in."

"Artificial rubber is quite easy, of course," he continued, getting a bit dizzy, "and motor spirit and paint and explosives and ink and soap and celluloid. In fact there's precious little you can't make from the thing if you try hard enough . . ."

Ford's enterprise

We were talking in a London office about the most extraordinary plant in the world. It is called the Soya Bean, and they have been using it for food in Manchuria for about fifty centuries. But only recently have the chemists discovered that from the oil and the meal of this little pea-like pod can be extracted nutritive and industrial products which make it Raw Material Number One; and only during the last two years has it been successfully grown in quantity in England.

To-day in Britain there are a few hundred acres under Soya. Within a decade there will be millions. It may well be the saving of agriculture in this and other countries.

You may laugh at Henry Ford for many reasons. But you must admit that he has started many things, even if some of them have been hares. He started the Soya Bean in the West. Ford is an out-and-out industrialist. But he knows that if industry soars too far ahead of agriculture (which is the chief basic industry of the world) there is going to be hell to pay, as there has been recently in America.

So a few years ago he set out to link agriculture to industry. He started with the problem of surplus corn, which was rotting in millions of bushels. He found that, chemically treated, it made excellent motor-spirit, and half a dozen products from paint to paper, as well.

But few of these products were economic, and he began to look around for a totally new crop which would produce the raw materials of industry and keep the land under cultivation. He found it in the Soya Bean.

The experts on his 50,000 acre Michigan ranch got to work. A few months later Ford announced that he could make nearly anything you care to name, from motor-car bodies to celluloid dolls from Soya.

He proved it by sowing thousands of acres of the bean, and making pressure-moulding wheels, steering and electrical apparatus and gear knobs from Soya meal.

"Soon industry shall no longer denude the forests, which require generations to mature," he said, "or use up the mines which were ages in the making, but shall draw its raw materials largely from the annual products of the fields."

Lone pioneer

Restriction-maddened farmers fought to sow their idle land with Soya. Experts had told them that it would grow on the least fertile ground, that it required little or no attention and that it actually enriched the land for later crops of other types. It sounded too good to be true. But it wasn't.

The U.S. acreage of Soya leapt from a few thousands to 5,000,000. Within a few years, some experts state, it may be the country's chief crop and lead to a gigantic agricultural revival.

In England, still struggling to produce wheat which can be shipped here far more cheaply from half across the world, it will be a Godsend. For many years our climate has been considered utterly unsuited to Soya, but now, thanks to the untiring efforts of one man, suitable plants have been acclimatised and will soon be the forebears of countless acres of waving crops.

That man was Mr. J. L. North, late Curator of the Royal Botanical Society, who worked for 18 years in the face of expert ridicule before his first successful harvest of Soya was gathered.

In 1914 the Royal Agricultural Society said that Britain was unfitted to produce the bean. Twenty years later Mr. North, whose agents had scoured Manchuria for suitable seed, had 20 acres of Soya under cultivation in Essex. The greatest experiment in British agriculture had started.

Mr. North might have succeeded without help. But again Mr. Ford came to the rescue and offered the use of his newly-acquired estates at Boreham, Essex. After dozens of failures, the right combination of seed, planting time and soil was found.

To-day nearly 200 farmers are sowing Soya. Industry is putting out tentative feelers. M.P.'s are debating ways of stemming the annual 1,000,000 ton inflow from Manchuria. . . .

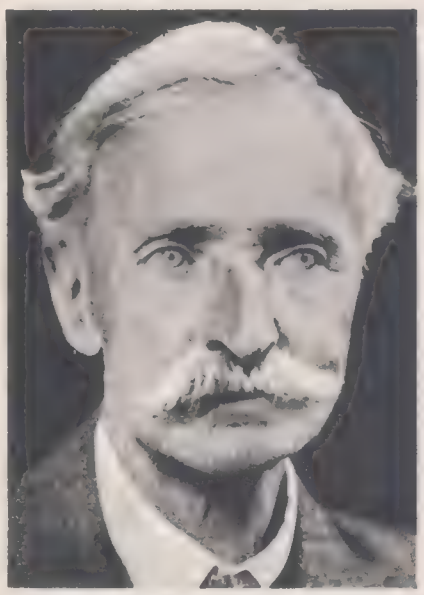
In peace time the uses of the crop will be spectacular. For no part of it is wasted.

Even when the "cream" has been removed valuable residues, suitable for cattle-feeding, are left. Imports of raw materials will be cut, and the demand transferred to the British farmer. But in time of National Emergency (Governmental phrase for War) the value of a widespread crop would be immense.

Food value

Every variety of food can be made from the bean, which contains more protein than lean meat. Soya bread is more nourishing than wheaten bread. Soya milk can be given to children who cannot take Grade A cow's milk.

In Soviet Russia (which experiments enthusiastically with all new synthetic methods of production) a Soya banquet was recently given. The soup was Soya, the "fish," the "joint," the sweet, the coffee, cream, sauces. Each tasted like the original.



He worked for eighteen years in the face of expert ridicule to cultivate the Soya Bean in this country—then started the greatest experiment in farming England has ever known. Mr. J. L. North.

Crammed with protein and vitamins, the Soya is the complete food. Said a U.S. dietitian the other day: "If we all tempered our diet with it, the death rate would drop 20 per cent. a year."

Even after all its food value has been extracted, dozens of vital substances can be prepared from the long-suffering bean. Its oil will produce celluloid, artificial rubber, motor-spirit, explosives—all of supreme importance in war time and difficult or even impossible to obtain otherwise. During the Great War German chemists and agriculturists tried feverishly to cultivate Soya. They failed. Had they succeeded, the struggle might have been prolonged for another year.

The things I have mentioned are existing facts. What the future holds, Heaven and Henry Ford alone know. But several big industrialists believe that the steel-strong and wood-light plastic substance from which Ford is now making gear-knobs will one day be used to erect towering skyscrapers and even Atlantic liners. . . .

What it Means to You — *by Francis Williams*

STATE BANKING

PUBLIC control of banking is in the news just now. Within the past few weeks first Canada's and then New Zealand's Governments have announced their plans for bringing the central banks of those Dominions under the authority of the representatives of the people.

And thus another move is made towards transforming what is often the State's most important single institution from private ownership to control for the common good.

This is of considerable importance in these days, when finance is playing an increasingly important part in our everyday lives; and the fact that private financial interests are gradually being superseded by governments is highly significant.

For however well those private individuals manage their affairs—and with them the affairs of the nation with which they are entrusted—inevitably they cannot exercise the useful functions which are possible to central banks which are state-controlled.

Since, however, there is even now a belief among many people in this country that the old-fashioned idea of independent banking cannot be seriously criticised, it is, I think, worth while to emphasise the excellent results which have already been achieved by publicly owned central banks.

Appropriately, details of the recent activities of one of the oldest and one of the newest of these central banks have just been published; and both provide admirable illustrations of the benefits which can follow public control.

I refer to the State banks of Sweden and Soviet Russia. In Sweden the Riksbank has been responsible for work of fundamental importance, regulating the monetary standard of the country and the rate policy of other banks and banking institutions, lending to the commercial banks, and alone having the right to issue bank notes.

Through the effective control which the Riksbank is able to exercise, the State is able to guide and direct the organisation of the smaller commercial banks and, in addition, to set up important credit institutions which serve the needs of various sections of the community. And the safety of Swedish banks and their depositors is ensured by adequate regulations.

Similarly in Russia. Here the successful work of planning undertaken during the last fifteen years has largely been due to the assistance of the State Bank of the U.S.S.R.

Here all the free funds of the Soviet economic organisations are concentrated and re-lent on short-term credit for the purchase of raw materials and so on. Every rouble in circulation is guaranteed by commodity values, and the growth of credit operations itself indicates the enormous value of the Bank's work. In addition, of course, the Bank has carried out the huge task of reorganising the Soviet's currency system, and now regulates currency circulation to the needs of national economy.

These examples are by no means unique, but they do effectively show that State banking is not quite the unworkable ideal some inspired propagandists in this country would suggest.

For advice on current economic problems, write to the Economic Advisory Bureau, "The Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope.

you **must** have

ELECTRIC HOT WATER

Hire or hire-purchase an electric water heater for a few shillings a quarter and have piping hot water instantly—and all the time. No one looks after economy for you better than electricity, for it automatically cuts off current when not required, and you can put the electric water heater anywhere, for it gives off no fumes. With anything less than electric hot water you are living in the bad old days of second bests. Enjoy the boons of modern science and install electric hot water NOW in your home

Information from your nearest electrical showrooms.

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Lov

On all her problems she writes to the Correspondence Editress, whose infinite job it is to cure the most intimate of all mental and cardiac troubles.

THERE is no closed season for the correspondence editress of a popular woman's magazine. She is minding everybody else's business all the year round.

In summer, shoals of "affairs" which go on the rocks keep her busy reconciling people who have lost their glimmering dreams to settle down to grim realities; in winter she may have to plan parties, itemise the housekeeping budget of the wife whose husband is dissatisfied; or plan the trousseau for an expected baby.

And do not imagine that a man never invokes her help. Men look stealthily through their sister's or girl friend's magazine, memorise the name and address and the editress's letter-bag becomes one letter the heavier.

What do the men ask when they write to this fountain-head of knowledge? Sometimes, how to proceed if you want to get married. One feels in these cases that the woman, with true Victorian feeling, thinks it better that the man should appear the one interested in this matter—one can feel her prompting, even her dictation, at the back of such letters.

But there are letters quite "heart to heart" in atmosphere that men are prompted to write entirely on their own. A man has a girl, utterly worshipped by him, who acts, according to his own code of ethics, strangely. She accepts his attentions, praise and gifts, even consents to becon e engaged, and then, as he thinks, oddly insists on the privilege of attending merry parties to which he is uninvited.

When in rebellion, and an agony of jealousy, he refuses to give his consent, his behaviour is held up to the girl by her people as a terrible example of what she can expect if she enters into the marriage state with such a monster. In vain he tries to pick flaws in his own conduct, which, according to his own upbringing, is the most reasonable in the world, and then, quite in despair, reels off ten pages of expostulation and explanation, commencing: "Dear Editress. . . ."

And somewhere in the sacred regions about Fleet Street or New York there is a woman who will read that letter as if it were a letter from her own son, and who, after an impartial inspection of its contents, will try to express a mother's sympathy and understanding in her answer.

For there is no intermediary between the correspondence editress and her Public. No typist mitigates her toil. She has been chosen for her wide experience of Life, and transmits her help to those who await it by the media of a portable typewriter.

On a busy day, when her little world has been in more than unusual trouble, she may type from daybreak until dark, with no two letters on the same ground. In fact, to be a real success, the Correspondence Editress must have a psychic quality; as she reads each letter, she must visualise the writer of it. Even if the same identical question should twice arise, the temperament, character and experience of the writers posing it might indicate two different answers.

A woman of the world and a timid little

Our Birthday Offer

THIS week many thousands of enthusiastic readers will be qualifying for Set 1 of one of the most magnificent Presentations ever offered—our 21st Birthday Offer of a **£4 4s. 0d., 47-Piece Canteen of superb Sheffield Cutlery.** This first set consists of 3 Table Knives, 3 Table Forks and a Jam Spoon.

Many readers, realising the lifetime utility and value of a Canteen of Cutlery such as this, are sending for the exceptionally magnificent De Luxe style, limited supplies of which are available to prompt applicants.

Whichever style you choose, hurry for Set 1. Send in your Voucher, Tokens and necessary Remittance now.

As soon as Set 1 has been despatched, your second set will be put in hand in the style you desire to be ready for you in four week's time—so carry on qualifying without a break.

Editress . .

WOMAN to WOMAN by Mary Keith BYRNE

country girl might both have had a lover prove unfaithful ; the sophisticate, with all the wiles of long experience at her disposal, might attempt the one in a hundred chance of winning the recalcitrant one back; whereas the little country lass would be wiser employed in seeking his successor.

Despite our fond belief, there is no one law for all; and even the Law of Love has its variations. No one realises this better than the Correspondence Editress, who always has her stethoscope pressed to the huge Public Heart.

For though, when her advice is taken and turns out well, she rarely receives a letter of thanks; if, by any chance, her guidance is unsuccessful, she is certain to receive a wrathful and upbraiding protest.

Perhaps if questions on Love were the only thing involved, her work might be comparatively a sinecure; but here are a few of the things a well-known editress in this line told me that she was consulted on, within a fortnight : How to overcome a fear of spiders; how to say "My Home" in ten different languages, the said words being required as the name for a new house; how to recover money borrowed by an ex-fiancé; the wording for an original toast to be given at a golden wedding; how to obtain a job as a woman warden in a prison; whether it would be safe to marry a hangman or if he would become liable to melancholia as time went on; how to write a love letter in Gaelic; how to get married secretly without fear of the news leaking out, without paying for a Special Licence; whether it was wise for a Christian girl to hope to marry a Jewish boy whose mother is averse to their present friendship; what to do with a woman who has gone shares in a motor-car and will not even give the part-owner a ride in it.

Who wrote these queries I do not know, but I do know that they were written in all sincerity, and answered in equal seriousness.

A woman, when pulled first this way and then that between the rival charms of two suitors, does not flick a coin as to which to accept, but writes to the magazine Editress for *her* verdict. She will sign her name quite frankly and ask for her reply to be sent direct.

On the other hand, the married woman who has poured out the chagrin in her heart over a love affair outside her marriage ring, will shelter under a *nom-de-plume*, and ask for the letter to be answered within the magazine pages. Often such a letter, a *real* human document, has to be trimmed or completely rewritten before publication.

The world may have become very broad-minded, but there are still lengths to which we dare not go; and as these "Answers to Correspondents" columns are often the first pages to which readers turn, nothing must be there which can give offence. Hence the true dilemma of the writer often lies between the printed lines.

Sometimes there is a side of real beauty to these human documents. A girl who has been unfortunate meets a man who is willing to marry her, and give her child by another man, a name. She writes to ask if it will be fair to him to marry him?—surely the girl who would consider the "*fairness*" of the contract under such temptation, must have a beautiful soul?

Another woman writes in a mad frenzy that she will commit suicide if she may not poison an imbecile half-brother who is making her home life a misery. She ends her letter, the editress tells me, with the poignant comment: "Now that I have written to you and got the matter off my mind, I feel relieved."

Undoubtedly to give such relief is the chief office of the editress who answers the personal queries. It is a point of honour with British magazines that this matter is dealt with in secrecy and in a bona-fide manner. The writer's name and address is a sealed secret; no other person in the magazine except the editress concerned, will ever see it or know it.

There is no chance of the letters being discussed and commented on, for she is given solitude for concentration while she does her work. In many cases, hers is the biggest and most vital service that a magazine sells; and, like a film star or a purveyor of fiction, she either draws or fails to draw a following.

Some of these "Love Editresses" have become world famous. Probably the greatest was Margaret Sangster, whose replies to romantic questions have been reprinted almost around the world. "Betty Fairfax's" columns were syndicated to almost all the important American newspapers, and the heartache endured by some little girl somewhere of little importance was considered and pondered over by millions of people, scattered from New York to Seattle, the following night.

Upon two occasions, Mr. Bok, the famous American publisher officiated as Love Editress (in fact, he was one of the pioneers of the idea) but, although the rumour this started still spreads abroad, the real truth is that no man has the patience, or the deep interest in the small trifles that make up existence, to endure work of this sort.

No man in Great Britain to-day is a "Love Editress." One of great popularity is also a fiction writer of "best selling" merit; another, almost as popular, was a trained nurse; another is an actress, the daughter of a world-famous actor.

None of them are young, and they are all women of exceptionally wide experience. Besides this, they are all women of excellent education and it would be exceedingly difficult to propound to any of them a question above their power to answer.

Do not run away with the idea that to become a Love Editress is an easy thing and that anyone may stand a chance. The pay for the work, considering the hours it takes, is small. The too clever woman would not enjoy the job, for many of the letters are from people who are not at all clever and are often at a loss to express themselves. A letter that is filled with tightly-written script to the extent of ten sheets of notepaper may boil down to a question that could have been adequately expressed in four brief lines.

Reading the letters, is, indeed, often the most fatiguing end of this work. Few of the letters are typed, and so greatly does handwriting differ that reading the close script becomes an art.

Letters that come in the summer season are inclined to be longer than those during the winter months. Warmth would seem to inspire fluidity of expression.

But neither season prevents a certain number of readers from setting out their charms, and appearance, and hobbies at length, and asking to be put into touch with a possible life partner.

They are often disgruntled and annoyed when they learn that the Love Editress cannot make personal introductions, and that they must seek a mate through someone else's good offices.

In this country this type of guardian angel journalism is not so far developed as in the United States, where one publication alone receives more than 1,000,000 letters a year.

SERVICE for Women Readers in housecraft, mothercraft, dress, beauty and all practical feminine problems is free from The Advice Service, "The Passing Show," 31, Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose a stamped envelope with your query.

You can't beat Proof!

THIS YEAR'S FRIGIDAIRE SAVES CURRENT AND GIVES MORE USABILITY

Compared with others the new Frigidaire is a real money saver—a real meter-miser. Out of the money it saves it will actually pay for itself. Go to your electrical showrooms and see Frigidaire. You will find a cabinet of radically new design, wider, roomier storage space. Everywhere there is greater convenience. No stooping, no clumsy reaching. Always, safety zone temperatures are maintained—well under 50°. Never before has so much convenience and practical utility been built into one refrigerator. Don't miss seeing the new 1936 Frigidaire models. Judge it for yourself. Ask for proof—point by point.

The Model shown is the Master 6. You can own a Frigidaire for as little as 20 gns. Ask about the easy terms that make Frigidaire so easy to own.

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Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about the many uses of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic. As a mild laxative, it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments.

A teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia' does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds.

Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 1/- per box—and in bottles 2/- and 3/6 for family use. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

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Beware of Falling Hair, Spreading Baldness or hair-killing Scurf or Dandruff. You can grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from Scurf, like so many others.

Mr. M. J. Murphy writes: "*Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, the hair is now thick and is a thick mass of waves, and is more healthy looking.*"

Are YOU Losing Hair?

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It regrows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling scurf and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp and restoring its healthful circulation and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

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Almost at once you will feel new life and hair-growth activity in your scalp.

Surprisingly quickly you will see new hair growing through the scalp. Simply carry on with Kotalko (True Hair Grower) and Kotalko Scalp Soap as directed. Any thin or bald places will soon be recovered with new and vigorously healthy hair rich in its natural colouring.

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To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy St. (84.DR), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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For Perfect Grooming and Hair Setting, try the delicately perfumed Kotalko Lustre, 1/6 single size, 3/6 triple size.

Science or Sorcery?

This Redditch dowser assisted the police in their search for a missing man

by George Godwin

HAVE certain individuals the power to divine the presence of unseen substances and objects?

For centuries, the dowser, or water-diviner, has not only claimed this power, but has practised the art.

Now modern science is taking seriously that which for centuries has been regarded as little more than a minor form of necromancy.

But if science has suffered a change of heart where the dowser is concerned it has not done so without good reason.

Within the last few years, in England, France, Germany, and America, the claims of the dowser have been subjected to a wide range of scientific tests.

The result of these tests not only prove that the dowser can do all that he has for so long claimed to do, but that by adopting his simple methods much more may be done.

The dowser uses either a forked twig or two-pieced fork of whalebone, or a metal ball suspended by a thread. These are his indicators, in themselves without mysterious powers, for the theory of all dowsing is based on the idea of some radiation that passes from the sought object to the seeking dowser.

The dowser's simple instrument may be likened to a wireless set; the dowser to a listener who tunes in.

But since many people may be incredulous to the point of impatience, a very simple home test is open to all who link curiosity to scepticism.

Take a bottle with a ground-glass stopper, place a piece of metal—say lead—inside, leaving the bottle unstoppered.

Next take a piece of metal and attach it to a thread. Hold the pendulum over the bottle. After a moment it will gyrate. Now place a cork stopper in the bottle and repeat the experiment. The pendulum will be found to gyrate as before.

Last, replace the glass stopper and try again. Now the pendulum behaves differently: it either hangs motionless or oscillates. Obviously, the piece of metal could not have brought about the change in your nerves which caused them to agitate the pendulum.

Yet, there is the fact that some force was barred by the glass stopper.

If we ask what force is stopped by glass the answer is: electricity. That not only inanimate substances, but living bodies, give off rays is not a claim made by dowsers, but one advanced by modern science. There would seem, then, to be a scientific foundation behind the traditional mystery of the diviner.

Not long ago I stood in an orchard with a man of science who has become a convert to the art of dowsing. He invited me to go to any tree I liked, pluck from it a leaf, and bring it to him in his study. This I did.

Taking the leaf in his hand, he approached the orchard holding his whalebone fork before him. He swung round on the horizontal until his fork turned. He then walked towards the tree from which I had plucked the leaf.

Next, he passed his fork about the tree until it turned when directed towards the exact branch from which I had taken a leaf.

Could he have watched me from his window? I suggested a further test, this time with metal. Alone in his study, I secreted a shilling under his desk. He entered and proceeded as before and soon had the test shilling in his hand.

Perhaps the two most astonishing developments in dowsing subjected to and established by experiment are the possibility of divining minerals beneath the earth from a high-flying aeroplane, and the tracking of a missing person.

Last year a member of the British Society of Dowsers was employed by a large company to find water and oil from the air in the Argentine. He succeeded at a thousand feet in doing both.

Last June, the Comte Francois de Clermont-Tonnerre and the son of Comte Henry de France, took off from Amiens in an attempt to divine from the air the whereabouts of wells dug by the English during the war.

At 2,500 metres, the diviner located not only these old wells, but a large geological fault in the cretaceous formation, the great underground refuges of Naours, and some high-tension cables.

A peculiar fact emerges from the many scientific experiments that have been conducted by men of science during the last few years.

One is the queer circumstance that the dowser who is out to find, say, water, will not prove sensitive to any other substances over which he may walk.

A noted dowser was tested recently along a line in Derbyshire covering two soughs at 500 ft. and a body of lead ore at 200 ft. The dowser was asked to find water, and he duly accurately indicated the two soughs. In locating them he passed over the lead ore deposit without any reaction to its presence.

He was then asked to find a lead ore deposit. He did so successfully; but in passing over the water soughs remained unaffected by them.

In other words, when his mind was directed to the detection of water he found it; when it was directed to the finding of lead ore he did not. And vice versa.

In view of these facts it is not surprising to know that mining companies are nowadays paying high fees to professional dowsers, both in South Africa and South America.

Yet the sceptic nearly always can find some objection. In the case of the Derbyshire dowser, it might be suggested that he knew already the ground over which he was tested.

Such an objection, however, cannot be applied to a case that occurred during the war.

A colonel doing duty at a seaport during the war decided to amuse himself by trying to count by means of the dowser's rod the number of mines protecting the harbour.

He located fourteen. But when he mentioned this fact to the naval officer in command, he was told that he was wrong: there were only seven.

The colonel began again, but came to the same result—exactly fourteen.

His naval colleague was intrigued and decided to investigate. The result was a dramatic one.

There were fourteen mines; the extra seven had been planted by German submarines. In this case, both previous knowledge and auto-suggestion must be ruled out.

Seven years ago, Sir William Barrett saw the possibility of using the dowser to locate mines and submarines from the air. The idea, backed by Sir Oliver Lodge, was put before the Admiralty Board of Inventions and Research. Experiments were authorised, but, owing to cost, never carried out. But the possibility of meeting the submarine menace by this method of location is one that may well come to the fore in the near future.

Have the police a potential ally in the dowser? In the autumn of 1934 Mr. Reginald Smith disappeared from his home in Richmond, Yorkshire.

Mr. Robert Brotton, a well-known Yorkshire diviner, was invited to try to locate the missing man.

Taking a hat belonging to the missing man, Mr. Brotton began his search, using a hazel twig. He came at last to the River Strid and, walking along its banks, halted when his twig twisted in his hands.

Five days later the police found the body at that very point.

A few months ago the Rev. Andrew Thomson vanished from his home at Leamington. Two diviners were asked to assist in the search. They proceeded in the same way as the Yorkshire diviner. They indicated a precise spot in the River Leam, and there the body of the missing clergyman was found.

Even more remarkable was the success of a monk of the Frigolet Abbey, Montpellier, with a great reputation as a diviner. One day Father Gerlac, the monk in question, received a visit from an elderly man in a state of great distress.

He explained that his son was missing and that he feared foul play.

Father Gerlac agreed to help. Together they set out for the distressed father's house and office. There the dowser-monk went from object to object, touching many articles belonging to the missing man and articles used by him. He then took his rod and asked in what direction the missing son had last been seen. This was indicated and the monk set out, followed by the anxious father.

When he came to the workshop of a carpenter the rod became violently agitated. Turning to the father, the monk said: "The body is in there, and my mission is ended."

The carpenter was arrested on suspicion and his workshop searched. The body of the missing son was found concealed in a large oven.

These cases of divination are not matters for dispute, since the facts were known in each case, both to the police and to many local people directly concerned.

How inanimate objects belonging to a missing person, even when that person is dead, can guide the dowser to his mark remains still one of the mysteries that baffle science.

In England there is a society with 350 members, many trained scientists, doctors, and engineers, who are investigating the problems. And in France, where the art is so well established that Paris alone maintains two shops selling only dowser's apparatus, several flourishing societies are probing for new facts.

From the mass of evidence already carefully sifted, the dowser emerges as one possessed of a strange faculty. It is one based on natural laws, but just what those natural laws are is not yet completely understood.

At the recent international conference of Electro-radio Biology, held in Italy, a delegate read a paper which went to show that all substances, animate and inanimate, give off radiation.

It is on this clue that science is working.

In some mysterious way the dowser is one who can tune in to the radiation of the substance sought by him. It is a tuning in that stimulates the nervous system, causing it in some unknown way to respond to the stimulus of the radiation of the object sought.

At week-ends

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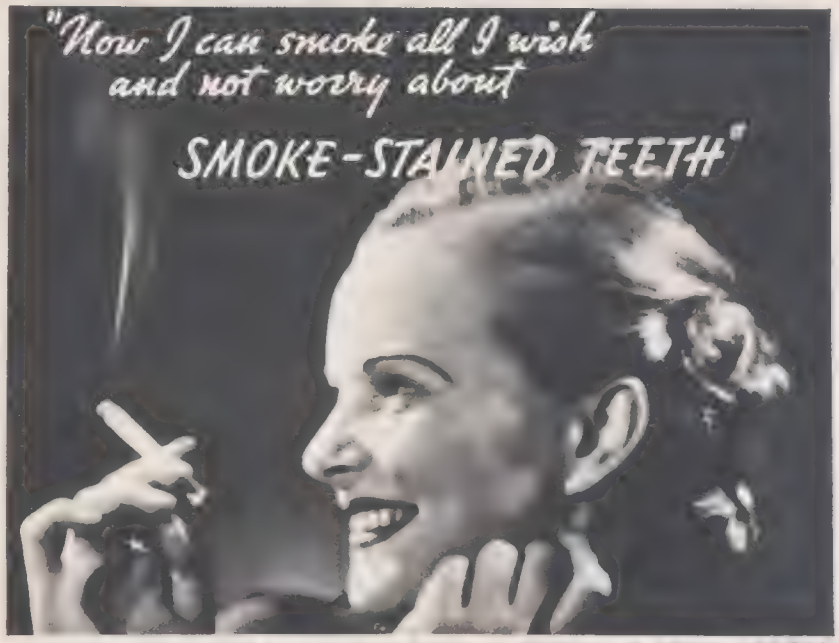

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Write to-day for these TWO FREE BOOKS *containing full details to W. Foster, Room 18, Town Hall, Blackpool.*

True Life Stories

I HAD only been a few months with the Order and not so very long out from England when I was sent to the Cottage Hospital at Fort S. . . which was a full seventy miles from the central home at M. . . The hospital was then supplying the medical needs of a straggling population that stretched many miles into the interior, and the Victorian Order nurses had to be ready to tackle any emergency.

It was a biting cold afternoon in late November when Doctor Lediard called at the Home demanding a nurse to accompany him to a confinement at the Fire Warden's home, some miles North.

"Better supply yourself with a warm wrap," cautioned the doctor. "We've a long drive ahead of us and it's going to storm."

It certainly *was* storming. When an hour later, the Fire Warden's wife attended to and the new arrival tucked snugly in the crook of its mother's arms, Doctor Lediard turned the mare on the homeward journey, I felt a sense of relief.

"Confound it!" ejaculated the doctor, pulling his coat collar more securely round his ears, "I promised to call in at Seddon's—his wife had a slight stroke and he's rather worried about her. And, oh, Nurse, there's the shack at Lone Pines—it would save time if you'd step off and look in there."

I lifted enquiring eyebrows.

"The fellow was one of a gang working at the bridge below Salamat . . . got a couple of broken ribs . . . not serious. I gave him first aid, and plastered him up. Just report if he's O.K., and I'll pick you up on my way back from Seddon's."

The Doctor jerked the reins sharply and the mare came to a standstill where two trails converged.

"Sorry I can't pull in further, but if you turn to the left and walk West it's only a few steps to the man's shack—and by the way, don't forget to take a record of his name and age—newcomer to the district, I think, and I'm not sure whether he's a Finlander or a French Canadian. I won't be long at Seddon's, so be ready when I call for you."

Disconsolately I watched the sleigh disappear out of sight in a curtain of mist, then I picked my way with as much haste as I could through the hampering snow. I found myself wishing that Doctor Lediard had been thoughtful enough to accompany me even to the door of the shack that now loomed darkly out of the white clearing.

I knocked briskly on the snow-coated door. There was no sound or sign of life. I turned the handle cautiously, at the same time calling: "May I come in?" The door swayed back and I found myself precipitated sharply into a drably-dull interior that smelt unpleasantly of mould and decay. I advanced warily, hardly sure of my welcome. There at the far end of the room was a camp bed, and on it stretched face downwards was the patient, covered lightly with a torn grey blanket. My nurse's intuition told me that he was running a high temperature. In fact he was a very sick man.

Forgetting my nervous fear for the moment, I threw aside my hat and coat and proceeded to make the customary inspection. Groping for his hot, restless hand I counted each rapid heart-beat. He turned presently, and opening dark, fever-ridden eyes, stared at me. I gave an involuntary shudder.

"Who are you and what do you want here?"

"I am the V.O. nurse," I replied quietly.

He pulled his hand from my grasp and gave a husky laugh.

"This is no place for a woman, and I'm not sick."

I tried to soothe him, but I felt worried and uneasy. Why had Doctor Lediard not explained that the man was in a serious condition, with every symptom of

acute pneumonia and intermittent heart action. Certainly a case for the hospital.

I consulted my wrist-watch by the waning light. Surely Doctor Lediard would come soon.

"Hush! Do you hear?"

I looked up, startled. The man was sitting up, his hands clasped on his knees, and he was peering with deep, cavernous eyes into the shadows. I listened breathlessly, hoping it was the sound of sleigh bells he heard, but I had an unpleasant foreboding, of what, I hardly knew.

"The Doctor will be here soon," I murmured with no sense of conviction.

He seemed hardly to notice me as he clutched feverishly at his blankets. Then, with a queer, furtive glance at the door he leant forward and whispered thickly:

"Don't tell them where he is . . . promise me you won't."

I nodded perfunctorily.

"Nurse!"

I looked up, shivering.

"Is it still snowing?"

"Yes, very heavily," I replied.

"Thank Heaven!"

The last words were flung at me with a sudden vehement earnestness that almost unnerved me. I rose and paced the wooden floor, but when for a moment I turned to glance at the bed, I saw that my patient had risen and was making stealthy movements to follow me to the door, his eyes glowing like fiery coals out of their sunken sockets.

"Go back . . . do you hear," I ordered with as much vehemence as I could muster.

He regarded me steadily for a moment, then with a harsh, metallic laugh he slunk back hurriedly, like a cowed and frightened animal. Controlling my now trembling fingers I covered him once more with the torn blanket.

I edged away from him, and busied myself trimming the little oil lamp on the table by his bed. Again he lifted himself weakly to a sitting position, and thrusting his face into mine, truculently whispered into my horrified ears:

"He was a Swede and he took my job . . I was starving, and he had no right to it . . . I saw him come up the trail . . . he was looking the other way . . . it was easy . . . I killed him . . . there was blood on the ground where he lay . . . and on my hands, but I washed them by the side of the lake . . . but now the snow will cover him. They will never know."

TOO MUCH *Imagination*

"I saw him come up the trail . . . It was easy . . . I killed him."

Shuddering, I moved still farther from the bed.

"Nurse!" This time there was a threatening menace in his call that froze me to a new fear. "Come here!"

I shall never know how I had the courage, but I was at his side, and he was peering into my eyes with a terrifying persistence. Stretching a lean and shaking finger he pointed to the door.

"There under the trees," he rasped throatily. "I had to leave him—he was heavy . . . and my arms were weak." His voice trailed into silence and his eyes half closed.

Again I had the contrite feeling that he was much to be pitied. That when the fever subsided he would be as docile as a child. I bent with steadier fingers to trace the flickering pulse and cover his fevered body where the torn shirt was crushed and awry.

Then, with a sudden chill fear, something flashed into my memory. Doctor Lediard had said: "He had some broken ribs that I plastered up. You can see if everything's O.K. There's nothing serious." In my nervous fear and excitement I had actually forgotten the simple and direct order that the Doctor had given me.

The man turned restlessly, ruffling again his torn shirt . . . I stood back, aghast. On his smooth, unnaturally white skin was no sign whatever of strapping—not a single mark.

With wide frightened eyes I stood rooted to the spot. "He's either a French Canadian or a Finlander," . . . Doctor Lediard's brusque voice rasped once more on my ear.

This man spoke with an accent unmistakably English.

"No one will know . . . till the snow melts. . . ."

I gave a startled cry. For a brief moment the man on the bed had raised himself,—he was breathing with difficulty—then suddenly he fell back—there was a rattle at his throat. I rushed forward—to find him dead.

It was barely ten minutes later that Doctor Lediard's brisk rapping fell on my straining ears, and never in my life was I more thankful to hear his rough, forceful voice.

He said curtly: "Well, young lady, the next time I send you on an errand see that you find the right location, and act promptly. I've been waiting at Lone Pines for the last half hour. Thought the snowdrifts had swallowed you up, and for two pins I'd have started for home without you. . . . But, what's this?"

He strode over to the bed and gave a low whistle. "Dead?" He glanced down at the stiffening body in puzzled surprise.

I nodded almost tearfully, then watched as he placed his hand on the cold forehead. He shrugged while I tried to explain in jerky sentences how the mistake had been made, adding word for word what the man had said as he raved, and my own tentative suspicions.

Doctor Lediard stooped and pulled the cover reverently over the man's face, and it seemed to me that his lips were muttering something that sounded like, "God rest his soul!" Then he turned to me with a curt but not unkindly:

"So you had a pretty tough hour or so! Poor devil, he was lucky to have a woman to care for him at the end. Acute pneumonia brought on by exposure, and no doubt short rations. The usual tale. A man comes out to these wild places, not realising the stark loneliness . . . the cheapness of life . . . and either he goes off the deep end or. . . ."

I opened my lips to speak, but the Doctor was pulling on his gloves; in his eyes that grim hardness that the nurses had learned to respect. He looked up presently, with a smile.

"It doesn't do for a doctor or a nurse to have too much imagination in these parts," he said dryly. "And, by the way, the fellow with the broken ribs is O.K. Goes back to work in a day or two."

Once again, the rug tucked snugly round us, we rattled through the snow-covered tracks, our sleigh bells making music over the glistening road past the swaying pines that seemed black as ink in the pale moonlight. In my mind was still a disturbing wonder. Could it possibly be that I had tumbled on a real murder . . . that there was actually a dead body concealed under the drifted snow?

My story ends here, for I cannot vouch for the significance of the sequel that came to my notice some months later.

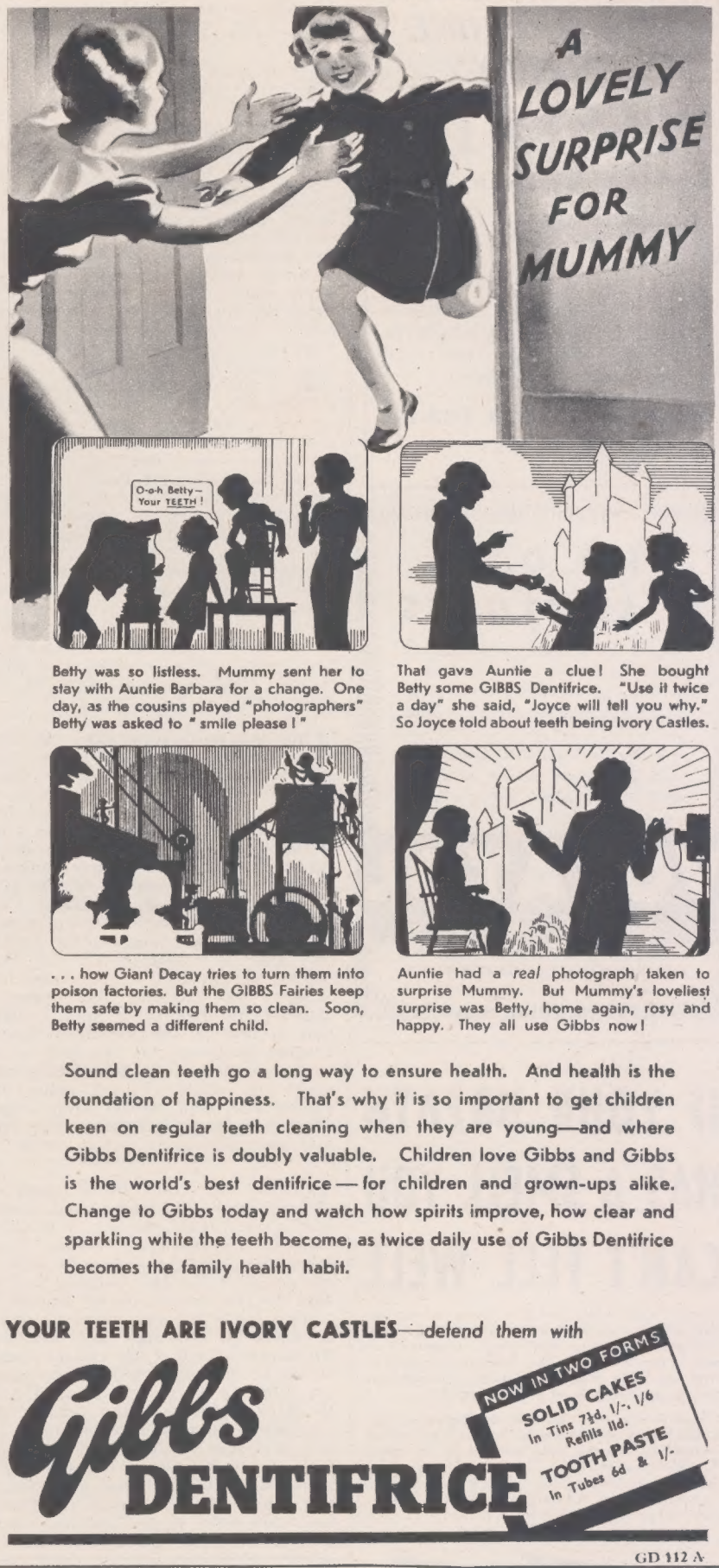
I was journeying to England from Montreal for a long holiday, when my eyes chanced on a paragraph in a Canadian paper that was wrapping a few crushed roots to plant in my mother's Surrey garden. The paper was creased and torn so that the story was incomplete and without ending. I read:—

"The body had evidently lain there all winter, concealed under the heaviest snow in years. While there is some mystery attached to the finding of the body, it is quite probable that the man was one of a survey party who broke camp at Cross Creek last November—a Swede by the name of Fred Knutsen. . . . Known to have occupied a cabin at Lone Pines. Investigation proved the cabin had long since been disused and there was no record of its occupant other than that of a man who had died there some months ago."

A good many years have passed since that hour of terror, but sometimes I wake at night and think of that bleak clearing in the sombre woods; hear again the pad, pad of the snow against the window, and through it all the despairing moan of the dying man—"He was a Swede and he took my job . . . I killed him."

"Too much imagination!" I wonder.

Ten guineas for *your* True Life Story if you write it yourself in printable form; two guineas if you send us only a summary. That is "Passing Show's" invitation to readers, made because we believe in the old saying that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction."



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You're Telling Us!

To hear your name shouted in the street

YOU MUST HAVE A FINE OLD TIME," begins G. M. Williams, of Meifod, Montgomeryshire, "reading all the letters your readers send you. I would enjoy nothing better than reading through stacks of letters and seeing what everyone has to say. I often feel like murdering our postman when he fails to deliver a letter which I have been expecting, but I could almost embrace him when he has a large pile of letters (all with 1½d. stamps). At times, when I have not received a letter for a day or two, I write long letters to myself containing praises and curses according to how I feel . . . these I read with great pleasure when the postman calls." What a vista Mr. Williams has unveiled! The cheques we could send ourself—Ah, me! Sorry, we mean Ah, us! But personally, we always communicate with ourself by telephone. We tell ourself exactly what we think of ourself, insult ourself, threaten ourself with actions for damages, and having risen to a blistering crescendo of self-analysis, ring off on ourself with a violent slam of the apparatus.

THIS GETS RID OF COMPLEXES engendered by reading the piles of letters which Mr. Williams so charmingly imagines. Recently we mentioned a pibroch. It haunts us still, in every letter from Scotland. We implied that it was a sort of bagpipe. It isn't. We have neglected the Black Country. We have unkindly referred to Birmingham as The City Beautiful. We haven't poisoned Uncle Joe. We have starved readers of news of Brother Paul that was, Brother Aristagoras that is. Well, that's one thing cleared up, anyway. A cable came from Staggers this morning. We opened it with a thrill of brotherly pride, thinking that at last he was encamped beneath Everest, preparing for the final assault on the. . . . It was only from Paris, and it read: In trouble French police stop urgent you send money stop suggest fifty quid stop can then return stop love stop aristagoras message ends.

WHILE WE LOOK DOWN from our editorial eyrie upon Covent Garden fruit market, there enters J. R. Gould, of Clapton, E.5, wondering whether we can solve this mystery. "A man sells 60 oranges at 5 for 2d., realising 2s. The next day he intends to sell another 60 oranges but is suddenly taken ill, and so he sends his two sons out, each with 30 oranges. The first son sells his oranges at 3 a 1d. and realises 10d. The second son sells his 30 at 2 a 1d. and takes 1s. 3d. The sale of the oranges still amounts to 60 at five for twopence, but how is it they realise 2s. 1d. as against 2s.?" Sorry, Mr. Gould, but we too have been taken suddenly ill and have sent the boy Alfred out for a couple of bananas, which are easier to peel and understand. And if that boy plays any Lombard Street tricks with our twopence a vacancy will occur for a simple, innocent child, devoid of mathematical and financial acumen. "Suppose," invites William J. Driscoll, S.W.11, "that in the City of London, for instance, each building consisted of a square, flat-roofed block of uniform height.

IT WOULD THEN BE POSSIBLE for the Corporation to lease the roofs of all these buildings, plant upon them trees and flowers, and lay out lawns and walks for the City population. Buildings could be connected across existing streets by rustic bridges. A touch of Alpine reminiscence might be added by referring to the street as Fleet-ravine or Cheapside-ravine. We genuinely congratulate Mr. Driscoll on a great idea, and only regret the numerous obstacles in his path, which include the existing buildings of the City of London and the workers in top-floor offices when poplar roots and patent fertiliser began percolating through the ceilings.

THE ABOVE IS VAGUELY CONNECTED in our mind with the below—from R. Dawson, of Shining Sheffield: "Your birthday dawned bright and clear and beautiful—a perfect spring morning, and then the thought of work loomed up before me, horrible, soul-destroying, grinding . . . and the thought struck me; do we work not only too long, but in exactly the wrong hours of the day, the part which God sent us to do us good, when the sunshine is strongest and all beautiful things are at their best? In that part of the day we who live in towns are mostly imprisoned by the law of our wonderful civilisation, the rule that we must work to live. . . . Thus we are forced to hand the jewel of each day to our employer, while the setting he graciously allows us to keep." We ourself have tried it the other way round. Being at one time in the newspaper business, we handed the jewel of each night to our employer, retaining the dazzling setting of sunshiny daytime. But what did we wot of it? We wot that we woke up imperfectly about noon, grumbled for our breakfast when everybody else was carolling for their luncheon, and wandered out into a dim afternoon world just in time to go back to the office.

THE TROUBLE IS, OF COURSE, THE WORK, not the hours in which you do it. Plus the need for sleep. Plus our wonderful civilisation. Plus—but our employers are getting restive about the next hand-out of jewellery. And here it comes, via Mr. Peter J. Cook, of Bellshill, Lanarkshire: "Anent the complaint of Mr. Walker, of Hull . . . admittedly it is annoying that his son should bear the same name as a brother of yours (we must think that one out), but after considering the abuses of my name, Peter, he will see that the name of Paul is comparatively exalted. Do you realise that there has never been a Western story written yet in which there wasn't "One-eye Pete, the dirty coyote" and "Two-gun Pete, the Texas Terror"? Furthermore, in those sloppy stories that women favour, if the hero's name is not George—my middle name—it is Peter. Sentimental heroines look up into his eyes and gurgle 'Peter, *darling* . . .' ten times per column. Almost every second dog or cat is called Peter, and believe me it is most annoying to hear your name shouted in the street and turn round to find it is someone calling on their overfed mongrel."

THERE IS MORE MR. COOK, but too much Cook spoils the—now, look here, Peter, are you seriously telling us that you dislike it when a beautiful girl looks up into your eyes and gurgles "Peter, *darling* . . ."?

SERVICE on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and everyother practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

HOUSEWIVES IN DANGER

LIKE hundreds of thousands of other housewives at this time of the year, Mrs. Jones has a lot to do in the home.

A bright Monday morning, Mrs. Jones working faster than usual at her washing, in order that she could get it done and get on with other things. When the time came to hang the things on the garden line, she hurried out with a chair, and getting on it she was soon busy with the pegs. Suddenly one of her feet came too near to the edge of the chair, she slipped and fell heavily to the ground, breaking her arm.

Such mishaps as this are all too common.

Thousands of accidents occur in the home every year.

Fill up the registration forms on page 35 right away. Don't put off this simple but highly important step until to-morrow . . . . It may be too late.

Solution Next Week

CLUES ACROSS

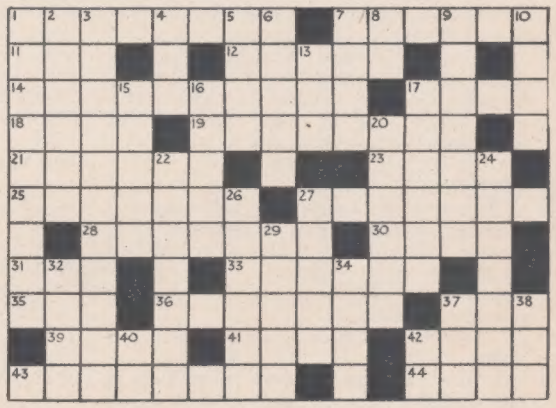
1. Aces aped for an adventure.
7. May be "chucked out" to be less euphemistic.
11. A bird from New Zealand found in Samoa.
12. This car, I assert, is musical (hidden).
14. Peck no salt (anagram).
17. A liquid creep.
18. 'Tis painful to hit the wrong one.
19. Base, maybe for an ornament.
21. Not retired.
23. These for troubled waters.
25. Not suet for these Aryans.
27. Labouring with lubricating.
28. This may be read.
30. Sometimes unprofitable to do this.
31. A depleted geometrical figure may be fertile.
33. An athlete maybe scarlet.
35. Negation of a weight.
36. So are the peacemakers.
37. Many days, and probably years.
39. Another bird which may be late.
41. Thus it would appear.
42. So Vera does declare.
43. Perfumed is downward motions.
44. Dame accomplished.

CLUES DOWN

1. I ate no man for this forthcoming.
2. So open-work does soothe.
3. A cutest pail (anagram).
4. The next clue is an example of such word-play.
5. Fruit of time.
6. And so he rode away (hidden).
7. Forest perhaps in soak.
8. Some are in use.
9. Criss-cross work.
10. Possibly a victim of 29.
13. Zero water.
15. High-class.
16. This is done, finished or gone.
17. Sometimes home from the sea.
20. Past 27 down of 27 across.
22. Cab-love word.
24. Seen red contemptuously treated.
26. Most certain.
27. Rigid time.
29. These may be tricks of a trickster.
32. Do this for Box or Cox.
34. No one of a portent.
37. Lady of devastation.
38. 37 across comes into being.
40. Electrical abbreviation opening 21.
42. Found in amber.

A	M	E	N		S	L	O	O	P	S		A	R
R	E	L	A	T	I	O	N		L	U	S	E	R
I	M	A	G	I	N	A	T	I	O	N		T	A
Y	S	O	B		M		V	O	R	T	I	C	E
S	E	R	O	S	I	V	E		R	E	R	O	R
	I	R	I	D	E	S	C	E	N	C	E		N
O		B	A	A	L		S		G	E	E	S	E
P		A	L	T	E	R	S		C	U	T		S	A	G	E
R		I	N		E	V	I	L		T		R	O	E
	L	O	C	A	L	I	S	A	T	I	O	N	
C	O	N	E		S	A	T	R	A	P		S	A	D

Solution to last week's puzzle



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Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Post Free all over the World (except Canada): 15s. 2d. per annum, 7s. 7d. for six months, 3s. 10d. for three months. For Canada, 13s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post, and entered as second-class matter May 17, 1929, at New York Post Office, N.Y. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's, Ltd., Bookshops at 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and 75 Boulevard Adolphe Max, Bruxelles and Messageries Dawson, 13 Rue Albouy, Paris.

D15 | A 180

The Passing Show's

£2,000

FREE FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT

37 GENEROUS BENEFITS

Complete the forms below

PASSING SHOW

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To .....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve PASSING SHOW for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date ....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 18/4/36

----------CUT HERE----------

Post *this Form* to

"Passing Show" Insurance Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of PASSING SHOW. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address.....
of Newsagent.

.....

.....Date.....

Use halfpenny stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if halfpenny stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 18/4/36

SILVIKRIN *DOES* GROW HAIR — — — — — Proof No. 2173 (Winchester).

SCURF in layers he could scrape off — now he is *freed!*

(Read Mr. Hibberd's letter below)

Scurf, dandruff, is the beginning of all hair troubles. It's the certain sign that the hair is being *starved* of its natural food. And starvation means sooner or later—*baldness.*

If your hair shows the slightest sign of scurf or dandruff start feeding it—at *once*—with its natural food—Silvikrin.

What hair lives on

Dr. Weidner, the celebrated bio-chemist, set out to discover what exactly makes hair grow—what it lives on. He found that it needs no less than fourteen different elements—some of them very rare and expensive to prepare. So having found out what is the natural food of hair, he next decided to manufacture it and offer it to the public in a form that the hair root could readily absorb. The result of these years of research is Silvikrin.

The roots need feeding
How Silvikrin feeds hair. The black bulbous 'root' can come right out—the real root is the fibrous growth underneath. It is *this* that Silvikrin feeds.

Medical authorities enthusiastic

Silvikrin is not a secret preparation. Its formula was submitted to doctors and hospitals for their opinions. These were wildly enthusiastic: Professor Polland, the famous Austrian dermatologist of Graz University, got such astonishingly good results with Silvikrin that his report was sweeping in its praise. His remarks are quoted in full in the leaflet enclosed with every bottle of Silvikrin.

Silvikrin cleared up this *chronic* case of scurf. How easily, then, will it clear up slighter cases—*which, however, are just as dangerous in the end, as dandruff leads to baldness.*

Read Mr. Hibberd's case:

Mr. Hibberd, of 20, St. Paul Hill, Winchester, writes: 'Until I tried your Silvikrin I was in despair regarding the persistent scurvy condition of my head. The scurf was chronic and laid on the head in layers which could be scraped off. *Now I am freed from the horrible loathly condition of a filthy head.*'

WHAT DO I NEED?

For dandruff—hair beginning to fall. To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty—

Ask for SILVIKRIN LOTION

•

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches.

To restore new hair-growth use the *concentrated* natural organic hair food—

Ask for PURE SILVIKRIN

Obtainable from all good chemists, hairdressers and stores.

Silvikrin does grow hair

33—F

£500 MUST BE WON

SLOGAN COMPETITION

Amazing opportunity to win a super holiday for yourself this summer!

A few words may win you a big CASH PRIZE!

Here is the chance of your lifetime! The chance to make that holiday you have always dreamed about actually come true this summer!

Six simple words written about Wright's Coal Tar Soap may win you a First Prize of £200. Just think of it — £200 to spend on a SUPER holiday or in any way you please! A few words written NOW may mean that in a few months' time you will be revelling in the healthy sea air and glorious sunshine of a luxury cruise — visiting colourful ports and romantic places that are no more than names to most people!

Enter NOW for this simple FREE Competition. YOU MUST NOT LET SUCH A MARVELLOUS OPPORTUNITY PASS! There are prizes amounting to £500, divided up as follows: 1st Prize — £200. 2nd Prize — £100. 3rd Prize — £25. 10 Prizes of £10 and 30 Consolation Prizes of 50/-.

What to do. **Write a slogan of not more than *six* words for Wright's Coal Tar Soap. A slogan is a short, pithy phrase expressing one or more of a product's good points. Here are examples: "First Aid to Loveliness," "Guardian of the Pore," "The SAFE Soap." A little thought will enable you to coin slogans of your own. Remember—Wright's is the ideal soap for every member of the family. Pure and gentle enough for baby's sensitive skin, it is used by father for its refreshing cleanliness, while mother keeps her complexion young and lovely with its soothing emollient oils. Write your slogan on the form at the bottom of this advertisement and fill in your name and address. Additional slogans may be written on the printed forms to be obtained free from your usual supplier of Wright's, or you may use a sheet of notepaper. Send in as many attempts as you like —*but *every slogan submitted must be accompanied by one complete chocolate-and-yellow carton from a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap.* Send your entries and cartons in sealed envelope (full postage) to the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 46 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1. All entries must reach the proprietors on or before the 30th April, 1936.**

The judges of the competition will be the Advertising Director of Wright's, the Advertisement Director of Odhams Press and the Lady Editor of "Home Notes" and "Woman's Sphere." All entries will be individually examined and the First Prize of £200 awarded to the competitor who submits what the judges consider to be the best slogan. Other prizes will be awarded in order of merit, but the judges reserve the right to divide any prize should competitors tie.

No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed. Proof of posting is not proof of delivery. No correspondence or interviews granted in connection with the competition. The judges' awards must be accepted as final and legally binding.

No employee of Wright's is eligible to compete and the Company reserves the right to use any of the winning slogans. Prize-winners names will be published on May 30th in "John Bull" and the "Daily Telegraph" and cheques posted to winners on May 29th.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

THE SAFE SOAP • ON SALE EVERYWHERE

1097

ENTER AT ONCE FOR THIS SIMPLE **FREE** COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE	SECOND PRIZE	THIRD PRIZE
£200	**£100**	**£25**
For £200 you can cruise half way round the world. You can enjoy the healthy sea air and blissful sunshine of an ocean voyage—you can sail tropic seas and see strange and wonderful sights on the holiday of your dreams!	For £100 you can make a thrilling flying tour of Europe. By air from city to city — to Paris, Berlin, Rome, Prague, Warsaw, Moscow, Vienna, Budapest — on the most interesting and exciting holiday you have ever spent!	For £25 you can cruise on the blue waters of the sparkling Mediterranean, visiting Gibraltar, Barcelona, Marseilles, the Riviera, Tunis, Algiers, Tangier and other colourful ports. Glorious sunny days and glamorous nights midst surroundings full of romance!

10 PRIZES OF £10 30 PRIZES OF £2.10

For £10 you have the choice of every kind of European holiday—France, Germany, Switzerland, Spain. You can visit the romantic Rhineland, or marvel at the vivid colouring of sunny Spain. You can see the towering Tyrolean Alps with their gay orchards, vines and flower-bedecked slopes and snow-clad peaks; or spend happy days in the romantic Basque country in the shadow of the majestic Pyrenees. Whichever prize you win—a new, different and memorable holiday is yours!

FREE ENTRY FORM

TO "SLOGANS," THE PROPRIETORS OF WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, 46 SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1.

Here is my Slogan for Wright's Coal Tar Soap. I enclose a complete chocolate-and-yellow carton from a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, and agree to abide by the conditions of this competition.

SLOGAN .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

P.S. .....

WRITE IN INK, IN BLOCK LETTERS

Whatever the pleasure

PLAYER'S

complete it

King him please! . . . white moves . . . black moves; so the tussle goes on . . . but now they both move together, and once again two Player's are completing a sense of pleasure and contentment

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

Player's Please

10 FOR 6D

20 FOR 11½D

50 FOR 2'5

WHEREVER YOU MOVE, YOU'LL FIND

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

M.C.C.327.E.